

"Jack Mason's Million; or, A Boy Broker's Luck in Wall Street," by H. K. Shackelford, Next Week.

# HAPPY DAYS

A PAPER FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

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No. 9

## On the Wheel for a Fortune; or, The Wonderful Adventures of a Boy Bicyclist.

By ALBERT J. BOOTH.



"Earl Buckley and his men! Oh, save me, Horace!" screamed Sylvia. "The wheel! Quick! Mount with me. We must ride for life—and millions!" he whispered, thrillingly. He threw the bag of money across the safety seat in front, and leaped upon it. Sylvia sprang up behind him. Then he raced away while Buckley and his mounted band came thundering after.



## On the Wheel for a Fortune.

By ALBERT J. BOOTH.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE YOUNG BICYCLE TOURIST.

A BRIGHT, manly looking boy of seventeen stood beside his wheel—an improved pneumatic-tired "safety"—at the door of a small, neat cottage in one of the suburban streets of the city of St. Louis.

The day was a perfect one of the early springtime, and the balmy breeze ruffled the foliage of the trailing vines about the cottage door, the gray hair of the sweet-faced matronly woman, who stood there looking proudly at the lad, and the knot of gay ribbons which he had fixed upon his wheel.

"Yes, mother," Horace Clifford was saying, "I'm bound to have a try for the place with the rest of the fellows. I don't know of any one in our bicycle club who can beat me in a race, unless it is the new chap from Chicago. They say he's a flyer, and has won several good races."

"I do hope you'll win, my son, for it isn't likely you will have such a chance again very soon," replied the lad's mother, and she looked at him fondly, for she was a widow and he her only child—all she had in the world to love.

"I should think so. It isn't every day that a great newspaper like The Globe offers to send a boy wheelman through the picturesque and romantic regions of southern Nevada and California to take photographic views. Now the publisher has a score of applicants for the place, all good young wheelmen and amateur photographers, and he has decided to award the appointment by a competition race. All the cyclists are to meet at a certain street corner at ten this morning, and they are to race a distance of twenty miles to see which one can ride the fastest, and at the same time take the most good kodak snapshots at scenes of interest as they fly along."

"Well, Horace, if you are to be at the meet at ten you should be off now."

"That's so, mother dear," responded the lad, and having adjusted his kodak camera to his liking by a strap over his shoulder, he mounted his safety and went wheeling away, but before he passed out of sight he turned and threw a kiss at the sweet-faced mother in the door of his humble home.

Horace's mother was poor, but she had worked hard, and so managed to give him a good common school education for one of his years.

The lad was an enthusiastic wheelman, and also an amateur photographer of no mean ability.

The fine safety which he rode, as well as the camera he carried, had been bought with his own savings.

The young wheelman's heart beat fast with excitement and hope as he rode onward until he came to the place where the competitive cyclists were to meet.

He found almost all who had entered for the race were already there, and also the publisher, editors and reporters of The Globe, and many other newspapers of the city.

The event of the morning had been duly advertised, and both sides of the street were thronged with people for a distance of many blocks.

Several newspaper men, mounted upon fleet horses, were to follow the wheelmen, and see that the race was fairly ridden.

And at the goal—a small town a score of miles to the northward—timekeepers were already stationed to note the moment of the arrival of each wheelman.

Very soon the most tardy ones of the cyclists arrived, and as all lined up across the street for the start, Horace glanced about and saw that the third person on his left was "the new fellow" from Chicago of whom he had told his mother. He was a recent acquisition to the bicycle club of which Horace was a member. One looking at him would have noted that he was about Horace's age, but heavier and possibly stronger.

The stranger's good looking and pleasant face wore an expression of self-confidence, and it came to Horace more certainly than before that this youth was likely to give him the hardest race of his life.

But the widow's son had so much at stake that he was determined to win, or—he had almost said to himself—die.

The newspapers had promised to pay the lucky appointee a good salary and all traveling expenses. There was a debt on Horace's cottage home already almost due, and the lad knew his mother knew not how to raise the money. Indeed he felt that he was to ride that day to save the old home he loved so well.

At last the starter shouted the word "go!" and the wheelmen were off like the wind.

For some distance they were pretty well bunched, but presently half a dozen of the fastest riders drew ahead of their companions, and among these were Horace and the Chicago boy.

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A mile or so further on the six leaders with the exception of Horace and the stranger were strung out in Indian file with considerable intervals between.

But Horace and the other raced on neck and neck.

They were then clear of the city, and while he worked the pedals like lightning the St. Louis champion held the cross bar with but one hand, using the other to work his kodak. Already he had commenced to take snap shots at the natural panorama which seemed to fly by him.

Horace's rival employed himself in a like manner, and neither was able to get the lead. At length the spires of the town which was their goal arose before them in the distance.

The widow's son looked back and saw that all save his close companion were left hopelessly out of the race.

Then Horace slung his camera across his back and decided to take no more views, but to make a final spurt for the goal.

Grasping the bar handles with both hands, he leaned far forward, so as to throw his weight as much in advance as possible, and driving the pedals with all his power and rapidity, he sent the safety skimming over the smooth road like a bird.

But still the stranger hung at his side, still he could not shake him off. On, on they raced, thus panting deeply, wet with sweat, their eyes bulging, their faces red, veritable young gladiators of the flying wheel.

Nearer and yet nearer they came to the town.

Without looking at his companion, Horace could tell by his deep breathing, that the latter was yet close at his side.

A flag had been run up at a corner of the town, which marked the line which the racing wheelmen had to cross.

Presently Horace caught sight of the flag. Like a good general, who keeps a reserve force of men back for a crisis in battle, Horace had not as yet quite done his best.

He had strength and wind in reserve. As he saw the flag he set his teeth, and suddenly let out all there was in him, in the way of speed, strength and endurance.

He shot forward like an arrow from the bow. He heard an exclamation of surprise but he did not look back. After that he saw nothing, heard nothing, until a rousing cheer greeted him, and he shot by the flagstaff under the wire the winner of the best safety race, at the fastest time ever made in the West.

Congratulations were showered upon the hero of the great race. He modestly received the ovation. Then came the return.

At the newspaper office in St. Louis the kodak pictures taken by the several racers were duly counted and inspected.

Horace had four more snap shot photos to his credit than his closest competitor, and as most of them were fairly good, he was awarded the engagement as bicycle tourist for The Globe.

What a red letter day that was in the boy's life! How the members of his wheelmen's club cheered when the decision was announced; how he hastened to escape from his friends and go home; how happy he was when he told his mother of his success and witnessed her joy!

The next day Horace said good-bye to his mother, and attended for some distance by his enthusiastic friends, he set out upon his journey "a-wheel."

He was well equipped with a blanket that was water-proof, a servicable corduroy bicycle suit, with cap of the same, and stout shoes and heavy stockings. He carried, besides his kodak, a brace of revolvers, a bicycle lantern, and some few other articles. Also, we should not omit to mention a small sum of money, advanced him by the newspaper.

Horace felt as proud and happy as a new

Columbus, setting out to discover unknown worlds.

But with the first part of his journey, which was devoid of incident or adventure, save those of too commonplace a kind to deserve special note, we need not concern ourselves.

One evening some days later, just at nightfall, Horace arrived at a straggling hamlet, at no great distance from Silver City, Nevada.

He made his way directly to the one hotel in the village, and then found that it was crowded with guests.

The landlord assured him that he had only one small room empty. The lad secured the room by paying an extra price, and at an early hour, having seen his wheel locked up in the baggage room, he went to his quarters.

But he had not retired when he heard an angry voice in conversation with the landlord outside the door.

"I told you I'd probably be back here for the night, and I'm going to have my room. You say it's only a boy who has taken it. Leave it to me, and I'll soon rout him out," said the voice.

The tones were harsh and bullying. Horace knew he was in the gold mining regions, and he rather suspected the man who proposed to eject him was some ruffian of the mines.

The country was lawless in those days, and desperadoes flourished. But the stranger's words and tone aroused all that was aggressive in Horace's nature. He meant to protect his own rights, and yet he had no wish to become involved in an altercation, or possibly something more serious.

And yet when presently there came a rude rap at the door, and the voice of the stranger demanded admission, Horace replied:

"I have heard what you said to the landlord, and now let me tell you, I have paid for this room, which will accommodate but one, and I do not propose to give it up."

"Then I'll break down the door, my bantam," was the retort.

"I am armed, and if you try to force your way in I'll shoot."

The man outside replied growlingly, indistinctly, and stepped back a few paces.

Horace leaped lightly upon a chair, and looked through the little ventilator above the door.

He saw the would-be intruder quite plainly, by the hall light. He was a burly, roughly dressed man, who wore top boots, a wide hat, and a belt of arms about his waist. He was dark, with clear cut features, sharp eyes, and he wore a huge black mustache. His dark hair fell upon his shoulders. The boy thought him a very brigandish looking personage.

As he looked the fellow glanced up and saw him.

"I don't mean to kick up a row with you here, for it don't suit my purpose, Master Bantam, but we may meet again, and when we do I shall be glad to see you," he said, leering at the lad.

His tones and the look which accompanied them conveyed a threat much more serious than his words.

Horace saw the stranger stalk away and disappear at the end of the hall, but he made no reply, and he rather regretted the episode. Still, as he was naturally brave and self-reliant, he experienced little fear.

Horace was not troubled again that night, and when he went below stairs in the morning the landlord told him that the unpleasant stranger had left at daybreak.

"Do you know him?" asked the boy.

"No, I never saw him until the day before yesterday. He registered under the name of James Smith, but likely as not that is not his name. He looked like a ruffian from the mines," said the landlord.

Name and Address.



Cut out this Coupon and send it to Art Editor, "Happy Days,"  
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## CHAPTER II.

## A MYSTERY OF STOLEN TREASURE.

THE morning had not far advanced when Horace left the hostelry where he had passed the night, and he trundled away through the village, taking the road to Silver City.

The day was a perfect one; he saw much to interest him along the route. There were mule trains bound for the mines laden with supplies, parties of picturesque miners and occasionally a friendly Indian. The scenery was to him new and novel.

The lad journeyed leisurely that he might miss nothing worth seeing in the way of animate or inanimate nature. He took a number of kodak pictures on the way and it was not until near evening that he bethought himself of where he should pass the night.

He had hoped to reach Silver City before the darkness fell, but now as he became aware that the shadows were swiftly lengthening he looked ahead anxiously and failed to see anything of the town for which he was making.

And, indeed, he could not sight any habitation of man. The trail ran on and on, seemingly without end, over the plains now green with the verdure of spring.

In the distance a timber line seemed to mark the course of a stream, and the trail led toward the trees.

He knew that settlers like to make their homes beside the streams in that country, whose plains become as dried and desolate as the desert in the scorching summer season, so he pushed on toward the timber, hoping to find some dwelling beneath the shade.

And it seemed that his wishes were to be realized, for as he approached quite near the timber, he saw the outlines of a large, but dilapidated log house, with some outlying sheds, with broken walls and roofs fallen in, near.

Getting nearer he decided the dwelling was deserted.

The front door hung on one hinge, a window beside it was broken, weeds grew rank and unrestrained where once had been a cultivated garden.

The sky had become suddenly overcast. During the last half hour black clouds had beaten up from the south. Lightning had flashed along the horizon, and the dull and distant rumbling of the thunder had given warning of a coming storm.

Empty or not the old house was a welcome sight to the boy, since it promised, at least, to afford him shelter from the swiftly approaching storm.

He sent his safety rapidly up to the broken door, regardless of the weedy thickets, which but slightly impeded his progress.

Alighting, he dragged the wheel through the door, and there was yet light enough inside to tell him that his suppositions were correct—that the old dwelling was deserted.

While the sounds of the approaching storm grew more and more distinct, Horace set the broken door in place and then lighted his lantern. He had some food in a hamper and he made a hearty meal, wondering the while why the old house was deserted and who had once dwelt there.

Presently he saw some great red splashes on the white-washed wall, and many bullet holes here and there. About the door and the windows these marks of conflict were numerous. He fancied the old log-house had been the scene of crime and outrage—perhaps of Indian foray and massacre.

Soon the storm burst in great fury; the rain descended in torrents, the lightning flashed in lurid sheets, and the detonation of the thunder sounded incessantly.



Horace put out the light of his lantern and crouched in the most sheltered corner. Anon the storm began to abate. When its fury was spent the boy wrapped his waterproof blanket about him and lay down to sleep.

He was weary, and sleep soon comes to the young and vigorous under any circumstances. Despite the strangeness of his surroundings, it was not long before he slept.

Then as in a dream he heard human voices. He started from his slumber and opened his eyes. He could see nothing; the darkness was complete. But he knew at once that it was not dream voices that had awakened him—no, the tones were those of real, living men, and they were near—in that very room.

A sudden thrill went through the nerves of the lad as he recognized the tones of one of the speakers. He was the man who had threatened to take forcible possession of his room at the village hotel.

Horace held his breath and listened, thinking what might happen if he was discovered.

Before he could well make out what the two men were talking about they suddenly burst out into fierce and angry quarreling.

Words came thick and fast. The boy could only catch one here and there, still he heard enough to decide that they were quarreling about the division of stolen plunder yet to be divided.

Presently the two men seemed to become more calm, and the one whose voice was new to Horace said:

"All right then, you take the girl and give me ten thousand dollars extra in my share of the old man's money. Ten thousand is little enough for such a prize as Sylvia Duncan."

"I tell you she is mine anyhow, by oath, by compact. Lyman Duncan's word was pledged to that long ago. I forced him to it. But he would break his pledge. He shall not! He shall not! Do you think I would have worked at the hidden mines for the paltry reward he gave me alone? No! No!" replied the other, intensely.

Then the voices of the two sank lower—almost to a whisper, as if they were talking of such things as they feared to speak of aloud.

And Horace could not tell what they said. He had heard only enough to learn they meant to carry out a villainous plot against an old man and a young girl, and he inferred the threatened ones were father and daughter.

All at once the young wheelman heard a snapping sound in the darkness. One of the men had struck a match.

A spark of fire gleamed in the gloom, grew brighter, and burst into a flame. The succeeding moment a lantern was lighted. The broken window, behind the boy, rattled in the wind. He crouched closer against the wall. His wheel stood there, and his hand rested upon it. He hoped he would not be seen.

The man whom he had first seen at the village hotel raised a lantern at arm's length, took a foward step, and looked keenly toward the boy. Then a fierce cry burst from his lips. Horace knew he was discovered.

There was but one chance for escape. His wheel might save him. The men had left the broken door open when they came in. Horace was nearer it than they were. He saw the man with the lantern start at him. Then he sprang upon his wheel.

And, while the two plotters hurled themselves toward him, he sent the safety flying across the floor, and through the door. Then away he went, at full speed over the wild and gloomy plains. He went to the road, crossed it, and then on, where there was no track or trail, on and on, noiselessly, like a fleeting shadow.

He heard hoofbeats on the road, and dimly saw two mounted men speeding along it. They had come to the abandoned house on horseback it seemed, and they must have thought he had kept to the road for which he had made.

Horace imagined they thought he had overheard more of their evil schemes than was really the case, and that they meant he should never tell another. He felt that he had made a dangerous discovery—that those men now had a powerful incentive to make them his enemies.

He heard the sounds of the horses' hoofs grow fainter and fainter in the distance, until at length they ceased altogether.

Then he changed his course and skirted along the road to Silver City, but at a distance so that, under cover of the night, he would be invisible to any one traversing that highway.

Horace neither heard or saw anything of the two men who had pursued him as he journeyed onward, and indeed he encountered no one during the remainder of the night.

When the gray dawn began to lighten the horizon in the far east the lad was near Silver City, and about three hours later under the bright sunlight of the new day he rode into the town.

As he went on he saw knots of men con-

gregated here and there talking excitedly. He was not slow to gather from scraps of conversation which reached him that something out of the common had recently taken place there.

Every one was talking of a great robbery. He heard the name Lyman Duncan mentioned again and again, in this connection. Of course he remembered he had heard the two men at the deserted house speak of the same person.

Going on, the safety tourist came to a large, substantial-looking building, before which a great crowd of angry and excited people had assembled.

Upon this building he saw a sign, bearing the legend—"Lyman Duncan, Banker and Mine Broker."

Horace halted at the outskirts of the crowd, and listened to the conversation which was going on all around him.

Bit by bit, he gathered the story of a great robbery.

It gradually became clear to the lad, that Lyman Duncan, who had previously been known in the locality only as a poor prospector, who spent the most of his time in the mountains, had all at once set up a bank in Silver City, and given positive evidence of great wealth, whose source was a mystery to every one.

But a few days previously to the date of Horace's arrival, a gold train of pack mules from the northern mines, was robbed in transit to Silver City, and the master of the treasure convoy murdered.

The stolen treasure was from the placer workings, and therefore in the form of gold dust. It was packed in sacks in the usual manner, but each sack bore the private mark of the owner, so placed as to escape the notice of the casual inspector.

On the night succeeding the robbery of the gold train a string of pack mules, driven by Mexicans and Indians, came into the town laden with a consignment of gold for Lyman Duncan.

The gold sacks were being delivered at the new bank, though Duncan was himself absent at the time, when the owner of the stolen treasure recognized his private mark on the sacks.

The men in charge of the train were well mounted, and they fled as soon as they got wind of this discovery.

The gold was seized by the rightful owner, and vain pursuit of the men who had brought it to Duncan's bank was made.

From that night Duncan had not been seen. But there was evidence to show that he had returned under cover of the darkness and fled, taking with him his only child—a young girl called Sylvia.

The bank had been searched by the authorities, but no trace of Duncan's reputed wealth was found in it.

A like investigation at the house where the missing banker had dwelt alone with his daughter for a short time resulted in like want of discovery.

It was now believed in the town that Duncan had gained his reputed wealth by the robbery of gold trains; many such lawless depredations had recently occurred. The fact that the product of the last robbery had been brought to his bank, coupled with the circumstance of Duncan's flight, seemed to have left no doubt of his guilt in the minds of the people.

Searching parties had been sent out in every direction, but every effort to trace, or locate the fugitive banker had thus far failed utterly.

The theory was advanced, that—being the head of a band of desperate gold robbers—Lyman Duncan probably had a hidden retreat to which he had made his way with his daughter.

Horace heard all this, and from what he had learned at the deserted house it seemed to him that Lyman Duncan might be, and probably was, an innocent man.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BOY WHEELMAN'S TRUST.

HORACE remained in Silver City until the following day, and while he was there he kept a sharp lookout for the man whom destiny seemed determined should cross his pathway for evil.

But he saw nothing of the brigandish-looking stranger or the man who had been with him at the deserted house.

The story of Lyman Duncan interested Horace the more because of the knowledge which he had gained of a plot that was on foot against him and his daughter.

He thought a great deal about the matter, but kept his own counsels.

Leaving Silver City after sending the photographic views which he had already taken to St. Louis by express, the young cyclist went southward.

It was now his intention to visit the great lava fields of the Armagosa region and the weird desert of Death Valley, for there he anticipated finding new and interesting subjects for the work of his camera.

It was a wild and dangerous country which the youth was now venturing into alone.

But he had the true instincts of the discoverer and the explorer, and he would push on.

At that time the Indians were at peace with their white neighbors, but he knew he had to fear white outlaws, who abounded upon the trails to the mines.

For three days the lad journeyed onward without meeting with any perilous experience. At night he camped on the plains, but he avoided making a fire; the light might attract unpleasant visitors.

He had brought a large hamper of food with him from his last stopping place, and as he was fortunate enough to find water when he most needed it, he did not suffer.

One evening a heavy storm came on suddenly, as summer storms usually do in the far south west.

Horace was in a wild and hilly country, where stunted timber grew, and rocks and boulders were abundant. He had struck into a trail upon which, to his surprise, he saw the tracks of wagon wheels, telling that a vehicle going southward had recently passed that way.

The imprints of the wheels were deep, showing the vehicle was a heavy one.

There were two sets of hoof prints. Horace supposed he had found the trail of some supply wagon, or possibly that of a venturesome trader.

In either case, the thought by hastening onward he might find companionship in those lonely wilds, at least for the night, was a welcome one.

And so, although the rain fell thick and fast, he propelled his wheel along the trail after the wagon, whose traces the storm would soon blot out.

The young cyclist rode swiftly. He had proceeded for a mile when all at once his further advance was arrested for the moment, in a thrilling manner.

A voice pealed out above the voices of the storm—a human voice, clear, musical, but with intonations of despair and alarm.

He caught the words:

"Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do! must he perish here alone, with no one but me to help him! Is there no hope, no help!"

Horace waited not to hear more, but sent his wheel rapidly onward, in the direction whence the appealing voice came.

The tones were girlish. Some way they made the lad's heart beat faster. Directly he came in sight of she who had spoken. He saw a young girl, about his own age, standing in the middle of the wild trail. Her face was turned toward him. He saw that she was beautiful beyond compare. Her slender figure showed grace and dignity. Her hands were raised. She seemed like one in supplication.

At the sight of him she cried out.

A sudden alarm seemed to seize her. Then she looked at him closely, and seemed reassured.

"How can I help you?" he asked.

"Every way. Oh, come with me. I fear my father is dying, and I am all alone with him, in this wild place. Oh, hasten! Hasten!" she cried.

And even while she spoke, she turned and ran lightly along the trail.

Horace followed. In a few moments the girl led him where a large covered wagon, drawn by two stout horses, was drawn up under an overhanging ledge at the side of the trail, which at that point ran through a rather narrow pass in the hills.

Upon a blanket beside a little camp fire, out of the reach of the storm by reason of the rocky shelter, lay a man of more than middle age.

It seemed to Horace that the white shadows of death had already fallen upon his face, it was so drawn, so livid, so eloquent of suffering.

At the first glance the youth saw that there was a marked family resemblance between the young girl and the man.

At the sight of Horace a frightened look came into the eyes of the stricken man. The boy hastened to say:

"I am a friend, and I would do all in my power to serve you."

"It is of no use; my time has come. I feel it here," replied the other, faintly, and he feebly placed his hand upon his heart.

The young girl cried softly at Horace's side, and his brave young heart went out in sympathy for her.

"I think Providence must have sent you to us, that my little girl might not be left alone and unprotected in this remote and dangerous country," continued the unfortunate man.

Horace looked at the girl as he replied:

"Any service which I can render you or yours shall be gladly given. But while there is life there is hope. When the storm abates, if you can bear to ride, we will take you in the wagon to the nearest place where you can be cared for by a doctor."

The sick man shook his head negatively. And he said:

"While I have the strength to speak I want to tell you something about myself, so that later no man shall make you believe that Sylvia's father was a thief."

"Sylvia! That name! can it be that you are Lyman Duncan!" exclaimed Horace, surprised at hearing the name of the girl the plotters of the deserted house had mentioned.

"Yes, I am Lyman Duncan, and this is my only daughter Sylvia. I see by your face you have heard of us. You know that in Silver City they call me a thief, a gold robber, and say that I have fled to escape the consequences of my crime. But that is false. Listen and learn the truth from the lips of one who cannot lie, with the shadow of death upon him."

The fugitive banker paused for a moment, and breathed heavily.

Then he resumed.

"I made a great fortune in a hidden gold mine, which I discovered while prospecting. I worked the mines secretly, with a band of Mexicans and Indians led by one Earl Buckley, a man who knew me in the east in other days. While I amassed wealth I continued to be looked upon as a poor miner. Recently I opened a bank in Silver City. My mine was worked out. The last products of the mine was consigned to a mule train, and started for Silver City. I was to follow. Buckley led the train. When it reached my bank in Silver City the gold sacks were claimed by another whose private mark they bore, and whose train had been robbed. But I doubt not you have heard this and how Buckley and his men fled, thus giving force to the belief that I had stolen the treasure."

Again the speaker paused, and Horace nodded assent.

The old miner went on.

"On my way to the bank I was warned, and told that the people were sure of my guilt—that excitement ran high, and that I would be lynched, if I appeared in Silver City. I saw how the arch villain, Earl Buckley, had woven a web of false evidence about me. I became a coward. I reached my home by night, and secretly. Then I took all my money, which I had previously converted into bank notes of large denominations, and in disguise I fled with Sylvia. Later I purchased this wagon, loaded it with sacks of grain, and journeyed into the wilds, under the pretense that I was a trader, bound for the mines."

"But I meant that my real destination should be an ownerless valley—a veritable earthly paradise, which I had found in the midst of the desolate lava fields of the Armagosa country, north of Death valley."

"In the ownerless valley I have built a log-house and shelter for stock, and there at her own request, I left Sylvia's old nurse. She had been with me at the hidden mines, and by reason of her knowledge of healing roots and herbs, she had made a reputation among the Mexicans and Indians as a great medicine woman."

"No white man knows of the ownerless valley. But Sylvia has been there with me. She will show you the way."

"Now I ask you to become the guardian of Sylvia, and when I am gone take her to her old nurse in the ownerless valley. Will you promise to do this?"

As Lyman Duncan ceased speaking Horace did not at once reply. He knew not whether to believe all this strange story or not. But he looked into the fair face of Sylvia and read truth and innocence there.

She seemed to know his thoughts, and said earnestly:

"It is all true, as father says."

He turned to her father.

"I will do as you wish, if I can," he said, solemnly.

A little later an awful change came over Lyman Duncan's face.

"I had more to tell. What it was I cannot think. My thoughts are confused. How red the fire is. Ah, I have it! The red string—I—"

He struggled violently and then sank back in his daughter's arms—dead.

When the dawn came they buried him, and marked the spot with a great stone. Sylvia struggled against her grief.

"We must go on. Father feared we are pursued by Earl Buckley," she said.

But Horace talked with her for a time. He had looked into the dead man's pockets, but found no money; Sylvia assured him that she had none, and she said:

"But I know my father had great wealth, yet I cannot imagine what he has done with it."

Then they searched the wagon, but found only the bags of grain.

It was a strange situation for a boy of seventeen years. He had become the guardian of a penniless, beautiful young girl, and was alone with her in a wild, strange country, himself almost without money.

But they proceeded; Sylvia drove the team; Horace rode beside the wagon on his wheel.

At noon, when they halted, Horace was getting out a box of grain to feed the horses, when he saw one of the bags was tied with a red string. Sylvia had wandered away to a little spring out of sight in the bushes. Suddenly he remembered Duncan's strange words about the red string.

He opened the bag. At first only grain, then great packages of bank notes.

"There must be millions here," he said.

He stood still. He was alone. Sylvia did not know. He could take the money and flee. No one would ever know. He would be rich. His poor mother need



work no more. He gazed at the money fascinated. Then a still small voice seemed to whisper:

"You would be a thief!" Horace tied up the bag. At the same time a piercing scream uttered by Sylvia reached him.

The young girl came rushing into sight, and after her in swift pursuit came half a dozen mounted men. In the leader Horace recognized the man he had met at the village inn, and then at the deserted house.

"Earl Buckley and his men! Oh, save me, Horace!" screamed Sylvia.

"The wheel! Quick! Mount with me. We must ride for life—and millions!" he whispered, thrillingly.

He threw the bag of money across the safety seat in front, and leaped upon it. Sylvia sprang up behind him. Then he raced away while Buckley and his mounted band came thundering after.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAVE YOU TRIED TO DRAW A FUNNY FACE IN THE BLANK CIRCLE PRINTED ON PAGE 2?

## A LITTLE FUN.

Madam—What do you mean by putting my jewelry in this water? Servant—It won't hurt em, mum; I heard they've been in soak menny a toime!

"Haverstraw—Haverstraw!" vociferated the brakeman. "Certainly! with a sherry cobbler at the end of it!" shouted back the man in the rear seat.

The Wife—Oh, Joe, the baby has just swallowed your penknife! The Husband—Just my luck, and I paid \$1.25 for that knife less than a week ago.

Counsel—Well, after the prisoner gave you a blow, what happened? Prosecutor—He gave me a third one. Counsel—You mean a second one. Prosecutor—No, sir. I landed him the second one!

"Now," said the teacher, who was defining the meaning of suicide, "if I should take a large dose of arsenic to-night, what would you call me?" "A chump!" cried Johnny, with eagerness to impart knowledge characteristic of the bright mind.

Tommy—I think grown folks is an awful nuisance. Jimmy—What for? Tommy—Cause when a feller tries to talk to 'em and entertain 'em, they tell him to run away; but when he's enjoying himself all by hisself, then they always wants to come monkeying round and bother him.

Irate Customer—Look here, Mr. Isaacs, I bought this blue suit off you yesterday and paid ten dollars for it, and as I came out in the sunshine it turned red. Mr. Isaacs—Mine friend, you haf got der wrong suit; you have got one of dose fashionable twenty-dollar chamelon suits. You must pay me five tollar extra.

Teacher—"If you face the north, directly behind you will be south, on your right hand will be east, and on your left west." Seeing a lack of attention on the part of Bobby, and wishing to catch him: "What is on your left hand, Bobby?" Bobby (in deep confusion)—"Please, ma-a-m, it's some tar, an' winna come off."

## INTERESTING ITEMS.

The Chinese burglar takes an ingredient of his own, burns it, and blows the smoke through the keyhole of the bedroom where the master of the house is asleep. The fumes dull the senses of the victim just enough to make him helpless, while at the same time permitting him to see and hear everything that goes on in the room. The only antidote against this charm is pure water, and most of the wealthy Chinese folk sleep with a basin of this near their heads.

Strange to say, the improvement in firearms has not increased the murderous results of battles. The battles which have been fought in the South American wars since 1890 show that only one out of each seventy-nine men engaged was killed. In the Franco-German war of 1870-71 one in each fifty-three met death, while in the Crimean war one in each thirty-five of the effective force was left dead in the field. In our great civil war one out of every sixty-five men was killed, and one in each ten wounded. In Napoleon's early wars one out of each twenty-eight was killed, and in the early British conflicts as high an average as one death to each nineteen engaged is reported.

A gentleman who has lately been cruising through the Powder River Valley, Montana, tells an interesting tale in regard to the manner in which the eagles contrive to catch sage hens. These birds, like the grouse family, fly with great swiftness, and in a stern chase an eagle is not in it at all with one of them. In order that the eagle may dine on sage hen some hard work is necessary, and the eagle has solved the problem. As the gentleman was driving along the side of a mountain he started a covey of sage hens, which flew away down toward the valley. Suddenly an eagle, which had been sitting on the low ground, rose up under the birds, which immediately rose high in the air, while the eagle flopped up after them. When they had risen high enough another eagle swooped down from above. The terrified birds scattered in all directions, but the eagle singled out one, and as an eagle on the swoop goes like a shot out of a gun, he soon seized his bird, and the pair flew off to a neighboring cliff to dine.

[This story commenced in No. 3.]

## The Boss of the Boat Club:

OR,

### DICK DASHWELL'S SCHOOLDAYS.

By FRANK FORREST.

Author of "The Prince of Rockdale School," "Expelled from School," "The Boy Schoolmaster," "Dick Dashaway's Schooldays," etc.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### CLINT'S CONFESSION.

"Mum! Mum! Mum!"

Dick Dashwell's dummy pointed to the Goose-neck.

"Don't mean to say you want me to go in there, do you?" said Dick, in some dismay.

For the boat was off Dungeon Rock now, and the tide being on the ebb, the Goose-neck was running like a mill race.

It takes a bold man to drive a boat through that narrow channel even at the best of times, but when it comes to low tide it is positively dangerous.

Hence Dick Dashwell did not care very much about obeying the order of his friend, "Mum."

But the dummy was very emphatic. He waved his hand toward the Goose-neck as Dick, while debating what he should do, backed water.

"Blamed if I can get the boat through there! We shall be swamped," muttered Dick.

"Mum! Mum! Mum!" cried the dummy, pointing and gesticulating more wildly than before.

Dick thought of his promise to Jack and resolved to do it.

"I'll go wherever he wants me to go," he muttered. "I'll do it—blamed if I don't—hit or miss."

There was some little pride about it, too.

No one in Baymouth had ever run a boat through the Goose-neck at low tide.

Twice Dick had seen it tried, and both times the boat had been capsized, and the rowers nearly drowned.

To be able to say that he had made the passage at low tide would be a proud boast for the Boss of the Boat Club.

So Dick turned the bow of the boat into the Goose-neck.

Instantly it was caught by the rushing current and carried onward with a mad whirl.

There was no need to row now. Dick shipped one oar and used the other to fend off with.

Thus they went rushing on down the narrow channel at fearful speed.

But where were they going?

What was to be the end of it?

What did it all mean?

Above all where was Jack?

When was Dick to see him again?

Such were the thoughts of the Boss of the Boat Club as he flew down the Goose-neck.

Could he have seen Jack at that moment he would have discovered him closeted with Professor Wiseman in the principal's private room, in Baymouth Academy.

Could he have heard Jack's remark at that very moment, it would have been this:

"I have woven the net around him. All I have to do is to pull the string and he will find himself so entangled in its meshes that he cannot hope to escape."

"Well," replied Prof. Wiseman, "I congratulate you. Young man, you have worked hard. But I am sorry for poor Clinton. The boy is a good fellow at heart, although his bringing up has been against him. It will go hard with him when he finds that his father is the villain the chief of your detective bureau declares he is, but—"

"Hold on, professor."

"What now, Mr. Hawk?"

"Call me Jack, same as the boys do. Do you know I wish I could stay here and be one of your scholars after all this is over—I do indeed."

"I wish you might, my boy. Can it not be so arranged?"

"No; it is impossible. What education I have I have picked up as I went along, and—but never mind this. I must get back to business. Professor, you need not feel at all sorry for Clint."

"Why so?"

"You remember what I told you about my adventures in Col. Tibbetts' house last night?"

"You told me how you went in through the cellar window—how you overcame the man you encountered there, and—"

"And how Dick Dashwell nearly knocked me out, and all the rest. Yes; that is it. Now listen. When I found that Tom had been captured, and that the man on guard outside believed me to be his companion—the one I had captured, tied and

gagged, understand—I determined to hold the fort, and make my way up-stairs if I could."

"Very brave in you."

"Not at all. Only business."

"This was after Dick Dashwell had gone?"

"Yes."

"And you succeeded?"

"I did. I waited an hour. I heard those who were with the colonel go."

"More of the gang?"

"Every one of them. I recognized their voices, for you must remember that I worked my way into the confidence of these fellows, and was a member of their band three months."

"So you were saying. Go on."

"That's what I did after they left. I opened the door with a false key, made my way into Col. Tibbetts' library, and ransacked his desk from one end to the other."

"Dear me, what a dreadful business!"

"It has to be done."

"And the unfortunate man whom you had captured remained a close prisoner in the cellar all this time?"

"Yes, yes. But never mind that, professor. The papers I wanted I succeeded in obtaining. But that was not all. Among other valuable discoveries made was the one detailed in these papers which I request you to examine now."

Thus saying Jack produced from an inside pocket a small packet of papers which he laid in Prof. Wiseman's hands.

"Bless me, I don't like this," said the professor, putting on his spectacles. "In spite of the fact that Col. Tibbetts has tried to ruin me, I don't like it at all."

So said Prof. Wiseman, but he examined the papers just the same.

As he read he gave sundry exclamations and his face grew grave.

"You see how the case stands?" said Jack, as he laid the last paper down.

"I could never have believed it," exclaimed Prof. Wiseman.

"It's a fact though. I was put onto it by my chief. You don't feel so sorry for Clint now?"

"No, no! Shall you tell him?"

"I'd like to have you tell him."

"When?"

"Now; before he starts for Dungeon Rock with the two boat clubs as arranged."

"And you?"

"I'll step behind this curtain, if you please, and be an unseen witness to the interview."

It was so arranged.

Jack vanished as Clint Tibbits, sent for by Prof. Wiseman, entered the room.

For half an hour Jack listened, and Prof. Wiseman talked to Clint in his gentle way.

No matter what was said.

That we hold in reserve to be disclosed later.

We may mention, however, that Clint's eyes were red when Jack suddenly stepped from behind the curtain and stood before him.

"And it is to this young man," said Prof. Wiseman, "that you owe it all."

"I owe him my life too," said Clint, "and I shall never forget it, but I don't know whether to be glad or sorry for this."

"Be glad of the truth, my boy," said the principal of Baymouth Academy, gently.

"And speaking of the truth, Clint," said Jack, "I want to ask you one question."

"I know what it is," sighed Clint.

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"You want to know what we saw on the night of the fire?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell all. I went out to scuttle the Lily so that she couldn't win the race."

"Ah!" exclaimed Prof. Wiseman. "Dear me! And who was with you?"

"That I shall not tell."

"Right! Quite right! I will not press you."

"I know that I was seen in a boat with one other boy, just as the fire broke out."

"Yes," said Jack, "you were. And I know who the boy was, but I won't tell either."

"We had landed two other fellows," continued Clint, "and were just pulling away, when I saw a man come out of the box yard between Mr. Trueman's house and the mills."

"Just where the fire began," said Jack.

"Well?"

"That man was recognized by me," said Clint, slowly. "It goes hard even now for me to say who it was, but I am determined to do it. I had almost resolved to do it even before I heard what you have told me to-night, for it seems too dreadful that Mr. Trueman should be arrested and accused of a crime which he never committed."

Clint paused.

He was trembling violently.

"Go on, my boy," said Prof. Wiseman, encouragingly.

"The man was the one I have always believed to be my father," murmured Clint, bursting into tears.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### THE COMING OF THE GRAND MOGUL.

"THERE?"

"Mum!"

"Do you mean I am to land there?"

"Mum! Mum!"

It was evident that the dummy meant just this and nothing else.

The boat had made the passage of the Goose-neck in safety.

They had come out on the other side of Dungeon Rock.

Here the rock was split in such a way that toward the water there was exposed a wide crevice quite big enough to run the boat into.

It was toward this opening that the dummy was pointing.

Dick turned the boat and ran her nose into the rift.

There was a narrow strip of sandy beach on the right side of the opening.

As the dummy motioned to Jack to go ashore here, he did so.

He had scarcely planted his feet upon the sand when the dummy seized the oars, pushed the boat out of the rift and was gone like a flash.

Dick was taken all aback.

It was no use to call after the fellow.

Even if he was shamming and could really hear, it was not likely that he would heed.

The boat was out of sight around the corner of the rock in an instant.

Dick leaned back against the ledge and tried to think.

"I see it all," he murmured. "Jack has done this to try me. The dummy belongs to the gang. He can go in among them safely. By Jove! this is playing detective with a vengeance. I suppose I am the dummy now."

It was all very plain the way Dick reasoned it out.

The gang still hovered around Dungeon Rock in spite of the fact that Captain Conover could find nothing of them when he made his raid.

Dick pulled himself together and started along the rift.

It grew narrower as he advanced.

Soon the water disappeared and there was only sand between the towering walls of rock.

A little further and there came a sharp turn and as Dick sounded it there was the entrance to a cave—perhaps the same old cave, perhaps another, he could not tell.

Dick paused.

He could hear voices talking inside.

The boy's heart beat like a trip hammer.

But he thought of Lily and of poor Tom and walked boldly on.

There were three men in the cave.

They were rough, dissipated looking fellows.

They were lying on the sand smoking pipes and telling stories.

They scarcely looked up when Dick came in.

What was to be done?

Dick did not know.

He walked boldly up to the men and nodded and smiled.

"Hello, Mosey, back again," said one of the men looking up.

Dick smiled again.

What if they should try to talk to him by the deaf and dumb alphabet?

The mere thought of it thrilled him with horror.

But they did not.

In fact, they paid no further attention to him.

Seeing that the cave extended further in under the rock, Dick pushed on.

He had gone but a short distance before he came to the larger cave into which he and the boys had been taken on that ever memorable night a week before.

It was deserted.

Looking out through the entrance, Dick could see across the Sound for a long distance.

A few hundred yards out from the mouth of the cave was the rock they had run against in the fog.

Not knowing what else to do, Dick set out to explore the cave.

He had not gone far before he came to a rough, wooden door, built up against an angle in the rock.

The door proved to be locked, and Dick was not able to open it.

He left it and pushed around here and there, but without finding anything of any consequence.

There was no visible way out of the cave except through the opening out upon the Sound and the way by which he had come.

Dick returned to the front of the cave again and sat down upon the sand to wait.

There seemed to be nothing else to do.

The day was warm and the sun shone into the cave; the water outside was as smooth as glass.

Take a healthy boy who has been awake all night and place him in such a situation as this, and see what will happen.

There can be but one result unless he should be overcome with fear.

Dick wasn't.

Somehow he could not feel afraid.



He winked and blinked, got up and shook himself, walked about, sat down again, and finally stretched out on the warm sand.

"I must sleep for a moment," he murmured. "Only for a moment." He closed his eyes and was gone! Only for a moment!

It was some hours before Dick Dashwell woke again.

The sun no longer shone into the cave, nor was the cave any longer the deserted place it had been.

On the contrary there were six men sprawling on the sand.

Dick caught his breath.

But he had sense enough to lie perfectly still.

The men were talking in ordinary tones. Dick could hear every word they said.

As he looked along the row of faces he had no difficulty in recognizing the man Mat.

It was Mat who was doing the talking now.

"Yes," he said, "I'm blamed if the little suckers didn't chase me all the way to Bean Island. I had to run into the hidden cove there to escape them, and had a lively tussle to do it then."

"It would have been a good job if we'd have shot 'em that night instead of trying to drown 'em," said one of the other men.

"Yes, we ought to, but I had my order from the Grand Mogul to drown his boy first chance I got. I didn't know whether he'd like the idea of having him shot or not."

"What did he say when you told him about it?"

"Oh, he was madder than fury. Said I ought to have shot the whole kerboodle of 'em."

"And about Harry Hawk?"

"Gosh! You ought to have seen him when I told him that. I thought he'd tear everything to pieces. Who'd have supposed, Bart, that we had Harry Hawk, the boy detective, as one of us."

"Not me! I can hardly believe it now."

"Oh, it's so. Crow and Ned couldn't have been mistaken."

"I s'pose not, Lucky, they made the rock that night."

"Wasn't it? But it would have been a blame sight luckier if they'd dumped them two little snoozers first."

"Of course; but I s'pose they did the best they could. What time is it?"

"Three o'clock."

"Most time the Grand Mogul was here if he is coming at all."

At the same instant a sharp whistle rang out over the water outside the cave.

Every man leaped to his feet.

"By gosh! Here he is now!" cried Mat, as all hands crowded to the mouth of the cave.

And Dick was with them.

He got up when the rest did.

Not the slightest attention was paid to him.

The men went on talking just the same as if he had not been there.

An answering whistle was promptly given by Mat.

Then came another from outside, and in a moment a pretty little steam launch appeared around the corner of the rock.

There were two men in the launch.

One was Bill Poole, Captain Hodges' pilot.

The other was equally well known to Dick Dashwell.

"Three cheers for the Grand Mogul!" cried Mat.

And the cave rang as the launch shot in under the arch.

Dick's heart was thumping again now.

And well it might.

Dick had solved the mystery of the Grand Mogul, who undoubtedly was the leader of this evil gang.

It was no less a person than Col. Tibbetts, magnate of Baymouth, who stepped ashore in the cave.

## CHAPTER XXI.

RESCUED BY DICK.

"BRING in the prisoner!"

Such was the order of the "Grand Mogul," after some brief conversation had passed between himself and the band.

As the word was spoken, Bob and another slipped out of the cave, taking the way through into the inner cave into which Dick Dashwell had come earlier in the day.

But although Dick heard these words, he was not in the outer cave now.

He had slipped into this very passage, upon the entrance of Col. Tibbetts.

His first surprise overcome—for Dick was surprised—he lost no time in disappearing.

For Dick could not believe it possible that the colonel would not recognize him first glance.

Thus Dick was a few moments ahead of Bart and his friend.

His idea was to conceal himself and listen.

And this is what he was doing when the order came.

Now he shot on further into the shadows.

Finding a projecting point of rock he glided behind it and waited, for the footsteps behind him had already stopped.

"I'm getting to be a regular detective now," thought Dick as he peered around the corner of the rock.

He could see Bart with a lantern, looking up and down the surface of the rocky wall.

Then suddenly he leaned forward, seemed to press something, and a big square stone came out into the passage.

Bart crawled through the opening thus formed and was gone.

But his companion waited.

So did Dick.

He was rewarded in a moment by seeing a man come crawling through the opening.

It was Mr. Trueman.

Bart followed with his lantern.

The light struck full upon the ruined manufacturer's face.

"You can toddle along there now, old man," said Bart.

"Where are you taking me to?" Dick heard Mr. Trueman ask.

"You'll soon know."

"This is an outrage! I've wronged no man! I—"

"Shut up your head!" growled Bart.

"Speak when you are spoken to and not before."

He struck at Mr. Trueman and pushed him on toward the cave.

Dick crept back after them and so placed himself that he could both hear and see.

When Mr. Trueman entered the cave the men were masked.

It was Col. Tibbetts who sat upon the platform now.

The prisoner was hurried before him.

"Clear the cave!" cried the Grand Mogul.

"I would speak to this man alone."

Here was an unexpected order.

The men made a stampede for the passage.

Dick had just time to dodge back.

He did not want to be caught, of course, and when he came to the opening in the wall, out of which Mr. Trueman had been taken, he crawled through.

Here he found himself in total darkness.

"Who left the secret door open?" cried a voice without.

"I suppose I did," replied Bart's voice.

Slam went the stone, which appeared to work on hinges.

And Dick's heart sank.

He was a prisoner now.

Snap!

Dick had plenty of matches, and he immediately struck one.

The light showed him a small, square apartment, which had evidently been hollowed out of the rock by the hand of man.

There was an old feather bed in one corner, a table and a chair.

Just as the match went out, Dick spied the only other thing of any consequence visible in the room.

This was a rusty chain hanging down from above.

Snap!

Another match lighted.

Dick could not be idle.

He caught hold of the chain and pulled it.

Something was coming down beside the chain.

"By Jove, I'll bet it's that trap we tumbled through the other night!" thought Dick.

He was right as far as its being a trap was concerned.

Down it came in a moment.

Dick found that when he let go the chain it immediately rose again.

"I can work this thing. I may as well go up as stay here," he thought, and he climbed upon the trap door.

He let go the chain now.

The trap flew upward.

In a twinkling Dick found himself standing in the kitchen of the old house on Dungeon Rock.

"Great Scott! This is tremendous!" he exclaimed. "How in thunder am I to get down again if I want to?"

He spoke aloud, and the result was even more surprising than the sudden ascent of the trap.

"Dick—Dick Dashwell! Oh, Dick!" cried a voice from the floor above.

How long did it take Dick to get upstairs?

Not a minute!

Not half a minute!

There upon the bed in which Clint and Pete Mulford had gone to sleep lay Tom Crocker bound hand and foot.

"Oh, Dick—Dick!" he gasped. "Thank Heaven you have come!"

A few slashes of the knife and Tom was upon his feet.

"What in the world, Dick!" he exclaimed. "Have they taken your clothes away—are you a prisoner, too?"

"No, no! I'm all right. Say, Tom?"

"Hold up! I'm not alone here, Dick!"

"Just what I was going to ask you."

"There's another prisoner in the next room—a girl."

"Lily Trueman!" cried Dick. "I know it."

He rushed away leaving Tom to follow. The door of the adjoining room was closed and locked, but this did not hinder Dick, for from behind it a voice was now calling:

"Help! Help! I am in here!"

"That's Lily's voice fast enough!" cried Dick, as he flung himself against the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DON'T MISS H. K. SHACKLEFORD'S GREAT STORY NEXT WEEK, ENTITLED "JACK MASON'S MILLION; OR, A BOY BROKER'S LUCK IN WALL STREET."

DON'T YOU THINK HAPPY DAYS THE BEST STORY PAPER PUBLISHED? IF NOT, WHY NOT?

[This story commenced in No. 6.]

## Dick, the Apprentice Boy

OR,

Bound to Be an Engineer.

A THRILLING STORY OF RAILROAD LIFE.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN,

Author of "An Engineer at 16," "Shore Line Sam, the Young Southern Engineer," "Tom Train, the Boy Engineer of the Fast Express," etc.

### CHAPTER X.

DICK LEARNS SOMETHING OF HIS ORIGIN.

WORDS cannot depict the awful effect of the announcement of Mr. Winston's assassination upon Dick Mains. His best, his dearest friend dead! He seemed upon the verge of suffocation.

He believed that the railroad president was dead, for the faces of all about him seemed to tell him this fact. Yet his informant had said that he lay at the "point of death."

A ray of hope struggled across Dick's momentarily benighted soul. He drew a deep breath and clenched his hands.

"God spare his life!" he prayed, "and give me strength to hunt his murderer down!"

Forgotten were all his own trials and troubles in that moment. He gathered strength, and pressed further into the room.

A pool of blood was on the floor. There lay the unconscious form of Mr. Winston. The surgeons were probing for the ball.

If it was found he might live. If they failed his death was a matter of certainty.

Dick remained in the circle of silent and horror-struck witnesses. A powerful fascination held him to the spot. He could not move away.

He must wait and know the truth. Even as he stood there he heard the affair described to the detectives who had arrived upon the spot.

Only Mr. Winston and Blake, a clerk, had been in the office when the terrible catastrophe had occurred.

Blake succinctly described the affair:

"I was at my desk, casting a column of figures," he said, "Mr. Winston sat there at his roll-top desk. Suddenly the door opened and a man stood upon the threshold. He was a tall, strong-built man, and held a mask to his face."

"Mr. Winston turned, but before either he or I could make further move he fired a shot at Mr. Winston, who fell out of his chair upon the floor. I gave chase to the would-be assassin, but he slipped out of sight."

"I then gave the alarm. I could not identify the villain because his features were concealed by a mask!"

This left the affair somewhat of a mystery. Various conjectures had run through the crowd.

"It is the work of Black Jake," one man said. "He has done it for revenge for his defeat at Deep Cut."

Dick's head swam; he could not collect his mind sufficiently to even hazard a guess as to the identity of the wretch who had attempted this awful crime.

He thought of Black Jake, and then a terrible suspicion flashed across his mind. "Ducrow," he muttered. "Would he dare attempt such a frightful deed? He is the only man in the world of whom I know who would wish Mr. Winston out of the way!"

The young engineer's head throbbed painfully and he waited eagerly the result of the surgeon's attempts. Suddenly a murmur went through the crowd.

"The ball has been recovered. It has not reached a vital spot."

It was likely therefore that Mr. Winston would live. His recovery was only a ques-

tion of time. Dick Mains muttered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving.

A carriage was procured and Mr. Winston was taken to his home.

Through the town the report had spread like wildfire. It was received with a thrill of horror by all. There were few good law-abiding people but felt that an evil power was working in their midst.

Hosts of detectives began work upon the case, but their best efforts were baffled. The would-be assassin had covered up his tracks well.

When Dick Mains returned home that day it was with heavy heart and dark forebodings of the future.

Mrs. Mains was a cheerful and courageous little woman, with a thorough Christian spirit, and she said:

"Never mind, Dick. We are all in the hands of the Almighty. He knows well what is best. We will go by his holy word!"

"But—now that Mr. Winston is injured, Ducrow will be able to foreclose upon that mortgage and turn us out of our home!" said Dick.

Tears stood in Mrs. Mains' eyes. "If he is cruel enough to do that," she said, "let him do it. We will do the best we can!"

"In any event, mother," cried Dick, manfully, "you shall not come to want while I live. I have two good strong arms and they will earn an honest living for us, I know."

"Nobly spoken, my boy!" cried the widow, joyfully. "I have all faith in you. I know that you will succeed in life!"

"I shall try," was Dick's resolute answer.

The evening meal was prepared, and Dick had indulged in a few hours of much needed sleep. There was yet an hour before it would be necessary for him to put in an appearance at the round-house, and take the special down to Woodville.

After the meal was finished, Dick sat for some while by the window, enjoying the cooling breeze. He was plunged in deep thought, from which he was only aroused by Mrs. Mains, who sat down in her rocker near by, and took up her knitting.

It was just the opportunity Dick desired to broach the subject upon his mind. Turning, he looked earnestly into Mrs. Mains' eyes, and said:

"Is it true that I am not really your son?"

Mrs. Mains gave a quick start, for the question was abrupt. For a moment she appeared a trifle flurried, but recovering, made reply:

"You are as dear to me, Dick, as though you were my own flesh and blood."

"And you are as dear to me as an own mother. But—who am I?"

Mrs. Mains met the earnest, inquiring look in Dick's eyes, and replied:

"You are the son of honorable parents, though I do not know who they were, nor if they are alive to-day. When you were left at my door, Dick, I am sure that your father knew well that you would not be turned away, but that you would be properly cared for and reared."

A sudden light burned in Dick's eyes. "Was it not a cowardly thing for my father to do, to force me upon you?" he asked. "Why did he not look after my future himself?"

"Ah, there may be a good reason for that," replied the widow. "Do not blame your father, for I believe he is an honorable man, and will yet come back to claim you."

"Come back to claim me?" exclaimed Dick in surprise.

"Yes," replied the widow, seriously. "I have never told you all the circumstances of your adoption by me, Dick. In the basket in which you were there was a letter."

"A letter?"

"Yes, I believe the time has come for me to read it to you. Then you will understand that the future holds possibilities for you."

Dick curbed his wonderment as Mrs. Mains arose and went to a small secretary near. From a drawer she took one of a bundle of letters and handed a time-stained letter to Dick. The young engineer took it almost reverently.

"A letter from my father!" he exclaimed in a thrilled voice. "Oh, if I could only see him!"

Then he read the letter as follows, with mingled emotions:

"DEAR MRS. MAINS:

"I am unknown to you, the father of this little treasure which I have dared to leave upon your steps to-night. But you are known to me as a Christian and God-fearing woman. I feel sure that you will accept the trust which I beg of you in the name of humanity. I am an honorable man, bereft of fortune and of friends. My darling wife, the mother of my angel boy whom I intrust to your merciful care, is now in Heaven. Lonely and sad are my thoughts to-night. Alone as I am, I am not fit to care for one so young and tender as my baby boy, neither have I money to buy comforts for it. Out of the mercy of your heart, I beg of you to take my treasure and care for it until I can return and repay the debt. For I am going to a far part of the world to seek my fortune."



When that is made I will return. Grant my prayer!

"A SORROWING PARENT."

Dick had read the epistle through. He drew a deep breath and looking up met Mrs. Mains' eyes full and fair. The young engineer felt a thrill of mingled hope and joy as he cried:

"Oh, how happy I would be if my father would only come back to me."  
"If he is yet in this world, I believe that he will!" said Mrs. Mains, with much confidence. "Sometime he will return!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BLIND BAGGAGE PASSENGER.

It seemed to Dick Mains as if new vistas were opened up to him in his young life. From this hour he dreamed of no greater joy than the certainty of a reunion with his own father.

So it was in something of an ecstatic frame of mind that he left the house a little while later to go up to the round-house. The shadows of evening were falling quite fast. Dick strode on resolutely.

As he reached the depot a great crowd was upon the platform. A convention was being held at Woodville and many were waiting for the special to go down to it.

Dick strode along the platform on the way to the engineer's room to get his orders and his tools. Just at this moment a long freight came backing swiftly down through the depot.

The crowd swayed back from the edge of the platform, and in doing so one man was pushed over the edge.

He tottered and fell, crashing upon the rails. The blow stunned him, and he was unable to at once get up.

In that instant a great cry of horror went up. All in the crowd saw that he was directly in the way of the freight, and he seemed certain to be crushed by the wheels.

Only one person in the great throng had sufficient presence of mind to act, and this was Dick Mains.

There was not an instant to lose. The risk was something frightful. Down upon the rails sprang the young engineer.

A more daring deed was never witnessed by those present.

Just in the nick of time, Dick snatched the prostrate form of the man from the rails. As the young engineer leaped aside, the corner of the car grazed his shoulder.

A great, ringing shout went up from the crowd. The freight rushed by, and then the young engineer was the center of an excited crowd.

They were fairly frantic in their demonstrations of approval of the daring deed. But Dick modestly disclaimed all praise.

The rescued had quickly recovered and was allowed to press forward to the young engineer's side.

"You have saved my life, young man!" he cried, "and rest assured Hamilton Clyde will not forget that!"

"Indeed, sir," replied Dick, "I am glad to have been able to do so."

The other looked earnestly and keenly at Dick. He seemed the victim of powerful emotion as he cried:

"Your name—tell me your name!"

"Dick Mains," replied Dick.

"Here, take this. I shall see you later, and you shall be well rewarded. You are a noble fellow."

The rescued man thrust a card into Dick's hand. Upon it was simply the name:

"HAMILTON CLYDE,  
Melbourne, Australia."

Dick placed the card in his pocket and turned away. Something in the stranger's appearance impressed him.

He fixed him in his mind as tall and well formed, with a patrician cast of features. He wore a light suit of clothes, polished shoes, and a broad felt hat, such as is worn by natives of the Antipodes. He was a man of possibly fifty years of age.

His words rang in Dick's ears for a time. But the young engineer attached no significance to them.

He might see the man again, and he might not. What would it matter? There was no apparent reason for fostering an acquaintance.

So extricating himself from the crowd, Dick finally reached the round-house. Faithful Jerry Dane had Sixty-Six all in readiness.

After a few little jobs at oiling and other light preparations, Dick ran the locomotive down to the yard and hitched onto the train.

It rolled into the depot and passengers climbed aboard. There was the usual hurry and bustle, and Dick received his orders from the train dispatcher, and then the starting gong rang.

"All aboard!" shouted Conductor Clark, and then the train moved out of the depot.

Dick and Jerry were busy in the cab, so neither they nor Clark noticed a slouchy-looking man climb onto the blind baggage next the tender.

But there he crouched, unseen and un-

known as the train sped out over the glistering rails.

Darkness shut down rapidly as the train sped on through the country. Dick sat in the cab window and kept a keen watch on the track ahead.

His mind was busy with the incidents of the past few hours.

Since reading the letter written by his father so many years ago life seemed to hold new interest and happy possibilities.

Dick wondered much what his father looked like. Would he really keep his word and return?

Why had he not come back ere this? A sudden chilling fear struck him that he might be dead.

But in the hopeful ardor of his youth, Dick refused to believe this. His father was alive, and the day must not be far distant when he would come back.

And thus the train dashed on.

Dick did not allow his meditations to interfere with the proper performance of his duties. He steadied the old locomotive down the grades and around the curves.

And thus time passed. Jerry Dane on the other side of the cab was also keeping a keen lookout ahead.

The lights of a small station flashed into view and were passed. Then suddenly Jerry Dane turned his head. A shadow had fallen across him.

He was just in time to see a powerful dark form, which had come cat-like down over the coal in the tender. With a startled cry Jerry sprang up.

The invader's face was blackened beyond recognition, probably to conceal identification. As Jerry sprang up powerful hands gripped him.

There was a swift, sharp struggle with a frightful ending.

The plucky stoker was unable to get a good grip on his assailant and in a twinkling the other made such use of the advantage that he was literally hurled from the cab, out into the blackness.

Out into fleeting darkness, perhaps to be dashed to atoms at the bottom of some frightful gorge. Dick turned just in time to see this.

For an instant such awful horror at Jerry's fate overcame the boy engineer, that he could not act.

A dreadful anguished cry escaped his lips, and he vaulted from his seat with the desperate strength of a dozen men.

In a twinkling Dick comprehended all. The invader of the cab had come there for the purpose of taking his life, possibly of wrecking the train.

Knowing that his life, and the safety of all on the train was at stake, Dick met the cyclonic attack of his assailant with desperate earnestness.

There was no time to pull the whistle, or close the throttle. No time to signal for aid in any manner. All hope lay in the result of the conflict.

If he could master his man, Dick knew that the day was gained. Otherwise his life must pay for failure.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A NARROW ESCAPE.

To attempt an adequate description of that life and death struggle in the cab of Sixty-six would be beyond human power.

All during its progress Sixty-six was running wild, swaying around curves, shooting up grades and racing down again at the imminent risk of leaping the rails.

Every moment Dick expected to feel the awful crash, which meant wreck. But it did not come.

The stanch old locomotive held the track with wonderful precision and power. It was a terribly muscular man with whom Dick was struggling.

The young engineer knew this, and sought in every way to overcome him at an early stage.

But the unknown steadily and surely gained the mastery. Dick felt his strength giving way, and in tones of horror and anguish cried:

"Oh, my God! Why do you seek my life? How can you risk the lives of all on this train?"

A demoniacal laugh was the response.

"Curse ye, this is my revenge! Thought ye would come the upper lines on Black Jake, did ye? Ah, no living man ever escaped my sworn vengeance."

"Scoundrel!" cried Dick, forcibly. "The law will deal with you for this, as it should have done heretofore for other crimes."

"Bah! what fear I the law? It will never grip Black Jake. Take that!"

Dick felt light and reason leaving him with the blow upon the temple. When he came to he was lying, bound hand and foot, upon the floor of the cab.

He could not have been unconscious many minutes, for the train wrecker was at the throttle and the train was slowing up.

Dick saw the ruffian turn and glance at him.

He held an iron bar in his hand, and seemed about to strike Dick with it. But instead he hurled it into the tender and cried:

"I could kill ye now, but I won't. I've a worse fate for ye. In ten minutes this train is due at a station below here. Just beyond is a siding where you will meet the down train. You will get there first, and nothing can prevent a collision. It is a fitting fate for a crack engineer like you, and the villain laughed sardonically.

He had closed the throttle and the train was slackening speed on an up grade. He waited until the engine had slowed up to a safe speed, and then throwing the throttle wide open, before fresh speed could be gathered he leaped from the cab, vanishing into the darkness.

And the train shot ahead with fresh speed. Faster and faster it sped on.

Awful horror oppressed Dick Mains as he lay there bound hand and foot upon the floor of the cab.

He realized that the special would surely meet the express in collision and he was powerless to help it.

He would no doubt meet death as well as many others aboard the two trains.

It was an awful reflection. It nigh unnerved the boy engineer.

His sufferings in those few moments of time were beyond description. Great drops of cold perspiration oozed from every pore.

In vain he tried to sever his bonds. They would not yield; the villain had bound him tightly.

Dick's eyes roamed about the cab. He tried to study up some way to reach the throttle or the whistle valve; but there seemed no way.

Finally in very desperation he rolled over the cab floor toward the furnace. The door had been closed by the train wrecker to make the furnace blow and so intense had been the heat that this was red hot.

The sight of the hot iron gave Dick an idea. It was a daring and dangerous thing to do, but he proceeded to work his feet toward the heated door.

The heat was so intense that his boots were scorched and he felt the skin on his legs growing crisp, but he did not desist.

Nearly fainting with the pain he managed to bring the cord which bound his ankles against the door. With the touch it burned through and snapped.

Drawing back quickly the cord fell away and a cry of joy escaped Dick. He had gained the use of his feet.

In a moment he scrambled up and stood upright. He was free, save for the use of his hands. A glance at the chronometer told him that there was yet seven minutes to spare ere the special would reach the siding.

In vain Dick tried to free his hands with desperate writhing. The cords held firm and strong.

It occurred to him to endeavor to cut them by means of the red hot furnace door. But his hands being unprotected would be brought in such close proximity to the iron that he could not stand the pain.

What was to be done? Dick was beside himself with desperation and horror. He tried to cut the cords by rubbing against a sharp iron edge of the lever handle.

No doubt this would have succeeded in time, but time was valuable.

A happy thought struck him. He was possessed of good, strong and sound teeth.

He bent forward and closed them upon the throttle valve; but all his strength was of no avail. It would not close or yield.

Time was flying.

Just as despair was beginning to settle down upon him, a solution of the difficulty came to Dick. Over his head hung the oil lamp of the cab. Its light shot athwart the corner of the cab where Jerry Dane always sat, and there, sticking in the woodwork, where Jerry had left it, Dick saw a keen bladed jack-knife. It was one which the stoker used to cut tobacco with.

With his teeth Dick pulled the knife out of its crevice. The large blade was the one bared. Dropping the knife upon the floor of the cab Dick bent backward and applied the rope at his wrists to the keen blade.

With steady pressure the strands began to snap one by one. Suddenly Dick felt the rope slip. Quickly he pulled one hand out of the coil.

A wild cry of joy escaped his lips. He sprang to the throttle and closed it. Wide open he threw the whistle valve, and sent peal after peal of warning out upon the night air.

At the same moment he applied the air brakes. Far ahead through the darkness he saw an eye of light.

It was the headlight of the down express. Dick pulled the whistle wildly as the light grew nearer.

The special came quickly to a stop. The most intense of excitement reigned on board, and passengers and train men all came running along to the cab.

The express had answered the call of warning and was slowing up.

"What in the world has happened, Dick?" cried Conductor Clark, as he sprang into the cab. "What the mischief were you running so fast for?"

Then the astounded conductor saw that something was wrong. He saw blood on the floor of the cab, noted the evidences of a struggle and the absence of the stoker.

"Where is Jerry?" he asked, blankly.

"What has happened?"  
The strain upon Dick's nerves had been too intense. He opened his mouth, but no sound came from his white lips. He made several futile gestures and then lay back over the cab seat unconscious.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

H. K. SHACKLEFORD, THE OLD FAVORITE, HAS A NEW STORY IN HAPPY DAYS NEXT WEEK.

"I SEE YOU ARE DOING EVERYTHING YOU CAN TO ENTERTAIN THE READERS OF HAPPY DAYS," WRITES A SOUTHERN ADMIRER. HE'S RIGHT, AND WE SHALL CONTINUE TO DO SO.

[This story commenced in No. 1.]

# JACK WRIGHT

AND

## Frank Reade, Jr.,

### THE TWO YOUNG INVENTORS;

OR,

### Brains Against Brains.

A THRILLING STORY OF A RACE AROUND THE WORLD FOR \$10,000.

By "NONAME."

Author of "Jack Wright and His Electric Air Monitor," "Frank Reade, Jr.'s Sky Scraper," "Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor's Electric Sledge Boat," etc., etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### STOPPING A RUNAWAY.

"WHAT caused the air-ship to fall into the sea, Barney?"

"Devil a bit do I know, Masther Frank."

"Is the machinery out of order?"

"No, but I belave ther helices have shtopped."

Frank hastened out on deck with Pomp and Dobbs, glanced up at the helices, and observed that they had ceased whirling.

Then he listened at the casing of the up-rights, and hearing the rods inside turning, he surmised at once what had transpired.

"The bolts that pin the wheels to the posts are out," said he, "and the helices, therefore, do not revolve with the up-rights."

"Yassah," said Pomp, "dat mus' be de way ob it."

"Curse him!" muttered Dobbs, "he has surmised the truth! But he does not suspect that I took out the bolts."

"Barney!" shouted Frank, "Stop the machinery."

"Have yer found out ther throuble?" asked the Irishman, obeying.

"I think so. Pomp, bring me a lantern till I go up and see. It's mighty strange that the bolts should have come out of both the helices at the same time. There's something mysterious in this."

The coon brought out a lantern.

Armed with the light Frank went up the posts, and confirmed his suspicious by seeing that the bolts were gone.

"Well," asked Dobbs, when he came down.

"It is just as I told you. This is bad for us. They were peculiar shaped bolts, and as I have no duplicates it will take a long time to make new ones. But thank Heaven, I've got the tools aboard to do the work. I want you to take the wheel, Dobbs, and Barney and Pomp must come below and aid me to make the new bolts."

"Dar am gwine ter be a storm, too!" said Pomp, as they went inside, "an' as dis yere air-ship amn't no watah boat I spes dey's gwine ter be trubble befo' we git froo."

The three then hastened below, leaving Dobbs at the wheel.

They had not been gone more than five minutes before Dobbs heard them all coming back again, and as they entered the turret he saw a stern, angry look upon their faces, and noticed that Frank carried the wrench he had been using.

"What's the matter now?" he asked, an uneasy feeling assailing him.

"Dobbs—you are a scoundrel!" thundered Frank, in furious tones.

"Sir!" exclaimed the villain, pretending to be very indignant.

"It was you who removed the helice bolts."

"What! How dare you accuse me of such a thing!"



"I'll prove it!" said Frank. "Before I turned in I bolted the trap in the deck. Barney sent you below to oil the machinery. Therefore you was the only one who went aft since Pomp and I turned in."

"Well?"  
"Now the trap is unbolted. On the deck we found the two missing bolts. Caught on a ragged edge, high up on the forward helix-post, was this shred of cloth, torn from your coat—see, here's the place it fits. And caught in the jaws of a wrench, in the tool-box, was one of the nuts. That is proof of your villainy which you cannot deny."

Dobbs' smooth-shaven, thin face turned pale, and there was a guilty look in his eyes as he faced his accusers.

It was useless for him to pretend innocence, for they could see guilt stamped in every action and expression.

"You wrong me," he exclaimed.  
"No, sir!" retorted Frank, emphatically. "It is clear enough to us that when Barney sent you below to oil the machinery, you went up through the trap with this wrench, climbed the helix posts, took out the bolts, and returned unseen. But you left the evidence of your villainy. It is evident that you are responsible for the many delays we suffered. You designed to let Jack Wright win the race, for your sympathies are with him."

"No—not!" began the exposed rascal.  
"Don't deny it. You are too dangerous to our interests to be allowed to roam at large. We are going to make a prisoner of you, sir."

"I protest—"  
"It won't do any good. Handcuff him, boys."

Barney and Pomp were provided with manacles, and despite Dobbs' raving and struggling, they made a prisoner of him and locked him up in one of the rooms.

A new nut was quickly made, the bolts were put back in the helices and our friends quickly sent the Storm King up in the air again.

The voyage across the Atlantic was finished.

The air-ship reached the coast in the morning in the neighborhood of Manomet Point, on Cape Cod Bay.

Frank and Pomp stood on deck with a telescope, and Barney was steering.  
"There is Boston now!" exclaimed the inventor.

"An' bress my soul, if dar am'n't de submarine boat!" cried Pomp, as he pointed down toward the sea up the coast.

"Murder!" gasped Barney. "D'yez see Jack Wright on deck wid ther Doochmon pointin' up at us?"

"Put on full speed, Barney, and we may beat him yet."

"Oh, golly, Massa Frank, de Sea Serpent am' goin' like a locomotive!"

"I'll drop ther Storm King near ther ground, so we can land quickly," said Barney, as he slackened the speed of the helices, and increased the speed of the driving screws.

They were all excited now, as there was a heavy head wind for them to run against, and the submarine boat had the lead.

Down near the earth dropped the Storm King, and along she swept like a huge bird, within fifty feet of the ground.

They lost view of the electric boat for awhile, but when they reached the neighborhood of the Scituate light-house, they saw that they had not only gained on the Sea Serpent, but had passed her.

"We'll win yet!" cried Barney.

"Put on more power!" exclaimed Frank, excitedly.

"Be heavens, she has every volt ther dynamo will give!"

"Fo' de Lawd's sake—wha' am dat?" suddenly asked the coon.

"Help, help!" came a wild, despairing cry.

Frank was startled, and hastily gazed around to see who uttered it.

Beneath the air ship there was a country road, and dashing along this road was a runaway saddle horse, with a young girl clinging to its back, to prevent herself from being thrown.

She had fallen from the side saddle, her foot had caught in the stirrup so she could not dislodge it, and she was holding on to the knee-rest with one hand, while she hung at the horse's side.

Should she release her hand or foot she might have been killed.

The terrified horse was running back the way the air-ship came from, and the imperiled girl was screaming at the top of her voice.

"Good heavens, she'll get killed!" gasped Frank in alarm.

"If we stop," exclaimed Barney, "we'll lose ther race!"

"Come about—quick!"

"My Lawd, honey, whut yo' gwine ter do?"

"Save that girl's life, if I lose fifty races!"

"Howly floy, it's crazy yez are entirely!"

"Do as I tell you! Hurry—hurry!"

Around curved the air-ship. She retraced her course and sank close to the ground.

After the madly plunging horse she rushed, and, as the beast saw her coming on in pursuit, its alarm increased and it raced along faster.

"Save me—save me, for pity's sake!" shrieked the girl.

"Hold on for your life!" shouted Frank. Slowly but surely the air-ship gained on the horse.

The beast just then had turned toward the high rocks that bordered the sea, and was galloping furiously to its doom.

Up closer to it sped the Storm King, and Frank got over the rail, reached down one hand, and keenly watched the girl.

Just as the horse reached the edge of the rocks and sprang off, carrying the girl with it, the air-ship shot up to it.

Frank made a grab for the girl. His grip held her.

The horse was dashed to death on the rocks below.

But the young inventor had the girl, and he drew her up on deck.

"I've saved her, boys, but we've lost the race!" he panted.

"God bless yer!" said Barney. "Her loife is worth more than ther race!"

"Amen ter dat!" ejaculated Pomp, and the air-ship went on again.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### CONCLUSION.

WHEN Jack abandoned all hope of getting to the Sea Serpent through the mass of mud, choking up the end of the tunnel, Forrest's joy knew no bounds, for he was aware that failure to proceed meant defeat in the race.

"I don't see ther use o' givin' up all hope," said Tim, consolingly.

"Can't you realize the impossibility of getting through that mud?" asked Jack.

"We've got to turn back, and run all the way around Cape Horn, in order to get into the Atlantic."

"Py Shiminey, dot vos too bad!" growled Fritz, in disgusted tones, as he laid his hands on the wheel. "Should I beck der boat oud ohf here?"

"Wait a moment!"

An idea had suddenly occurred to Jack. He did not mention it to his companions.

Rushing into the store-room, he put on a diving suit, gathered up a number of bombs, attached an insulated wire to each one, went out on deck, and dropped the explosives into the mud bank.

Attaching the ends of the wires to a binding post on the pilot-house, he went inside again, took off his suit and entered the turret.

Backing the boat away the length of the wires, he suddenly turned a switch that threw a current of electricity into the bombs, they burst with a smothered rumble and the water became clouded.

Tons of the mud had been blown away from the bank.

It discolored the water.

As there was a pressure back of the excavated mud, tons more of it came rolling and slipping into the tunnel.

The powerful search-light partially cut through the murky water, and Jack glared out of the window.

Ahead he observed a cloud of light in the gloom.

His plan had been successful in blowing out the mud which choked up the entrance into the lake, and he now saw the clear water ahead, and shouted exultantly:

"Hurrah! I've opened the passage!"

Tim and Fritz cheered themselves hoarse but Forrest scowled and smothered a savage expletive that rose to his lips.

"Folled!" he muttered. "Oh, I'm disappointed! This is awful!"

Jack started his boat, and she dashed ahead like a race horse.

The next moment she slipped through the opening into the clear waters of Lake Nicaragua and rose to the surface.

Across the lake she dashed to the shallow San Juan river, and once they ran into the stream they found it swollen by recent rains, so that it was easy for the light-draught boat to navigate it.

Up the stream they shot to Greytown, and then out into the Caribbean Sea they went at full speed.

The Gulf of Mexico was crossed, they swept around Florida, and went booming up the coast of America.

A steamship from Charleston to New York was encountered, and the passengers and crew warmed on deck and cheered the Sea Serpent.

"Did you hear about the fellow you are racing against?" shouted the captain to Jack, as the diving boat reached the steamer.

"No. Have you had any news?" eagerly asked the young inventor.

"Just before we left port the newspaper came out with a report that the air-ship was sighted passing over Lisbon and heading for the Atlantic at a terrific rate of speed."

"Thank you," said Jack. "We must go faster."

The Sea Serpent went so fast that the steamer was quickly left out of sight astern, and Jack turned to his friends, and said:

"If we don't put on more speed, we're beat!"

"Can't do it, my lad," replied Tim, who was steering. "She's got all the electro-motive force she kin generate."

"Mein Gott!" growled Fritz, blankly. "Vot ve do alretty?"

"I'll add speed!" exclaimed Jack, determinedly. "I'll hook on the storage batteries with the dynamo!"

"Hurrah!" cried Tim. "That'll give us more speed."

"Don't lose an inch in steering!"

"I'll send her as straight as a die."

Down to the engine room went Jack, and the moment he carried out his plan, the Sea Serpent increased her speed ten miles more an hour.

Every one but Forrest was delighted. A gloomy look settled upon his dark face, and he made up his mind to stop the boat, if he had to sink her in doing it.

The Sea Serpent forged steadily ahead at a remarkable rate of speed, and when she reached the Jersey highlands a gloomy night settled down upon the ocean.

Forrest was impatiently watching his chance, and it came when Jack and Fritz turned in, leaving him and Tim on duty.

"I'll scuttle her," he cogitated, "and I'll let the sailor discover it before she gets too full of water, so he can run her ashore and give us a chance to land in safety."

Fortune favored his plan.

The monkey and parrot had been fighting in the turret, and as Whiskers was getting the worst of the battle, he suddenly snatched up Forrest's hat from a chair on which it lay, and bolted out of the room.

"Confound that monkey! He's got my hat!" exclaimed Forrest.

"Bar down on ther lubber, an' git it back, or he'll destr'y it," said Tim.

Forrest chased the monkey into the engine room, and recovering his head gear, he picked up a drill and began to bore holes through the hull of the boat, letting the water spurt in.

Unluckily for him, Jack had risen from his bunk and caught sight of what he was doing.

Rushing forward, he shouted indignantly:

"Oh, you scoundrel, what are you doing that for?"

"Curse the luck!" hissed Forrest, dropping the drill and springing to his feet—"I'm caught!"

"Yes, you hound," caught in the act, and you'll rue it, too!"

"Out of my way!" roared Forrest, trying to rush past him.

"Not an inch!"

"Then take that!"

He had drawn a knife and aimed a vicious lunge at Jack, but the young inventor nimbly dodged it, and doubling up his fist he dealt the rascal a blow between the eyes that knocked him down.

Springing upon the villain, Jack disarmed him, and as Fritz rushed in, alarmed by the noise, he aided the inventor to bind him.

A few hurried words explained the situation to the Dutchman, and Jack rushed across the room, hastily made several wooden plugs with a hatchet, and drove them into the holes in the hull.

That stopped the influx of water into the boat.

Tim was furious when he heard the news, and wanted to shoot the man.

It was easy for Jack and his friends to infer that as Forrest's sympathies were with Frank Reade, Jr., he had secretly been doing all the damage they suffered to delay the boat, so the Storm King would win.

Both the villains were now exposed. The boat rushed ahead, and next morning Jack sighted the air-ship flying along through the sky after them.

It excited the young inventor and his friends.

When they lost view of the Storm King, they rushed into the turret, and steered the boat for Boston harbor in such a way that scarcely a foot of leeway was lost.

"It's a tug of war now, Tim!" cried Jack.

"D'yer want me ter keep ther wheel?"

"Yes; I don't know much about the bay."

"Neither do I, but I'll do my best."

"Dere vos der air-ship again—she vos up ter us!" groaned Fritz as they reached the light-house.

"I'm afraid they'll get in first!" exclaimed Jack, nervously. "But keep her going at full speed; I won't give up yet."

On they rushed at a furious pace. As they went flying by Thompson Island the boat struck a rock; there came a terrible crash; the hull was burst open and the water gushed in in torrents.

"Don't stop her!" cried Jack. "Give me the wheel!"

"Ve vos sinkin'!" roared Fritz, seizing the parrot and monkey.

"I'll tend ter Forrest!" cried Tim. On toward the city sped the boat furiously, settling lower and lower into the water.

Then suddenly she went down. Her crew had gained the deck and were left struggling in the water.

\* \* \*

The news of the approach of the two racers had been telegraphed ahead to Boston, and the members of the Science Club were assembled in their club house, anxiously waiting to see which would win.

Just as the clock struck twelve the door flew open.

"Gentlemen, the race is mine!"

"Jack Wright!" cried Harvey Maxwell, president.

"Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah!" cheered the gentlemen present.

Then a scene of the most intense excitement ensued, every one shaking hands with the victorious young inventor, every one congratulating him, and every one laughing and talking.

Jack was drenched and panting. He and his friends had not far to swim to get ashore, and Jack had sped away to the club house and reached it first.

Just fifteen minutes afterward Frank Reade, Jr., entered, and with one quick glance he saw that Jack had beaten him.

It made him feel bad, but he was generous, and smilingly grasping Jack's hand, he said in hearty tones:

"You have beat me, Jack, and I congratulate you."

"I am sorry," laughed the delighted young inventor, "but I had to do it."

"Perhaps it might have been a closer race had I not turned back to save the life of a young lady."

"Yes, I might have lost, but I just sent my boat to the bottom and had to swim ashore. So you see I had a delay too."

Then they each explained all that had befallen them during their journeys, and Maxwell handed Jack the \$10,000.

Tim and Fritz, Barney and Pomp arrived just in time to see the young victor receive the prize.

"Forrest vos in der hands ohf der police," said the Dutchman.

"An' so is Dobbs," announced Barney.

"This money," said Jack, "shall be donated to a charitable institution."

Then every one cheered again, and a grand feast was prepared for the six friends, and the club-house rang with mirth.

It was late that night when our friends prepared to depart.

"We shall meet again, Frank," said Jack, as he shook hands with his gallant young rival. "I have got a new invention in view, and we may soon again have a chance to measure the abilities of our respective inventors."

"And I, too, have the plan of another contrivance in mind," said Frank.

"Should it be a success, you will find me ready to compete with you in any manner you choose."

And thus they parted.

Frank, Barney and Pomp, went to Readestown in the Storm King, and Jack, having had the Sea Serpent raised and repaired, boarded her with Tim and Fritz, the monkey and parrot, and went to Wrightstown.

The newspapers gave a full account of the race at the time.

Jack's prize was duly awarded to a Boston hospital.

In view of the fact that Dobbs and Forrest had several times attempted to kill and injure Jack and Frank, they suffered for their treachery by going to prison for a long term.

Back in their native towns once more, the wonderful young inventors at once began to build their new contrivances.

With these machines they were destined to undergo the most thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

The facts are now being arranged in a story by the author of this account, and in a short time will be presented to our readers.

Therefore, in expectation of again following the famous young inventors through most marvelous journeys, we will now bid them adieu, and bring this tale to a conclusion.

[THE END.]

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"JACK MASON'S MILLION; OR, A BOY BROKER'S LUCK IN WALL STREET," BY H. K. SHACKLEFORD, BEGINS IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF HAPPY DAYS.

[This story commenced in No. 8.]

## THE ROSE OF THE WEST:

OR,

## LANCE THALBERG'S MISSION.

By R. T. EMMET,

Author of "The Haunted House on the Harlem," "The Three Dauntless Young Guardsmen," "The Twenty Gray Wolves," "The Black Magician," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A DYING MAN'S CONFESSION.

LANCE did not speak for a moment after hearing those words. He could not. The power of speech seemed to have deserted him, and he could only stare into

that you should know the truth, however bitter it may be."

He paused, panting for breath, and Lance, looking into his dim eyes, felt as though the whole world had slipped from under his feet, leaving him clinging to a straw in empty space.



"DROP THAT GUN, MY LAD, I AIN'T GOING TO HARM YOU," THE NEWCOMER SAID, "WITH A LAUGH THAT ECHOED LIKE A ROLL OF THUNDER, WHILE HE LOOKED DOWN AT THE YOUNG HUNTER AS IF HE HAD BEEN A CHILD.

the fast glazing eyes of the man who lay before him dying.

It was a strange, weird picture that the flickering rays from the pine torch shone over—ghostly and thrilling indeed. The night wind sighed dismally among the pines, and the smoldering ruins of the cabin emitted faint glints and gleams. In the dim, uncertain light the glazed eyes and death-stricken features of Michael Thalberg looked ghastly, but hardly more so than the horrified face of the young hunter who knelt beside him, supporting his heavy head.

"What did you say then, father?" he asked, in a dull, muffled voice which he hardly recognized as his own. "What did you say? I—I don't understand it—something about—about Donald Gordon, was it not?"

His brain swam, a mist of fire danced before his horror-stricken eyes, and there was a rushing, roaring noise like the thunder of a cataract in his ears. A band of red hot iron seemed clutching his throat, preventing him from speaking.

"More brandy!" gasped the dying man. "More brandy, Lance, or I will not have the strength to finish my story."

More brandy was poured down his throat, and it appeared to revive him. Raising his eyes up to the young man's face, he went on:

"I must hurry and finish my story while have strength. Lance, you are not my son. You are no kin of mine, but you have always been as near to me as though you were of my own flesh and blood. It is better

"Then what you said is true?" he asked, in a hollow, husky voice. "It is true that I am the son of Donald Gordon, the renegade, the outlaw, the murderer? My God, father, answer me before I go mad!"

"It is true, Lance," Richard Thalberg replied, feebly. "You are Donald Gordon's child."

A bitter groan burst from the young hunter's lips, and he set his teeth tightly together.

"So I have the same blood in my veins as Donald Gordon," he muttered, hoarsely. "I am the child of that demon in man's form. How is it that my life has been passed with you?" he asked, suddenly.

"If you will listen I will tell you my story," was the feeble reply. "Another swallow of brandy, my boy, and that will be the last I'll want in this world."

More brandy was given, and in a voice broken by pain, he went on:

"Donald Gordon and I were boys together. We were born and brought up in the same town; we grew to manhood in that same old western town, where it matters not. We were enemies from the time we were school boys, and when I wedded the girl whom he had selected for his wife, he took an oath that he would rest neither day or night until he had wrecked my life. I paid no attention to his words at the time, believing he would do nothing more than talk, for he was always a bully and coward, cruel, vindictive, treacherous, and I was constantly on the lookout for him."

"Shortly after my marriage, to the intense relief of both my wife and myself, he

disappeared from the village and for a year we heard nothing of him. Then news came that he also had married, and a year later became the father of a son."

Here Richard Thalberg paused, as though exhausted, and his face contracted with pain. After a few moments he went on again, speaking in trembling tones:

"Three years after my marriage a pair of twin daughters were born to us, which we named Lily and Lola. They were the joy and pride of their mother's heart, and as pretty a pair of tots as one would find in a day's travel. They were a year old when I received a letter, purporting to be from my father, who was old and ailing. The letter urged me to come to him at once, and I decided to go. It was half a day's journey to the village where he lived, and mounting my horse I rode away, leaving my wife and children there alone. I did not dream of danger, and as I was to return the next day, I thought nothing of it,

The last glimpse I had of the three, my wife stood in the doorway, holding a babe upon each arm. They were laughing and crooning in childish glee, waving their dimpled hands to me, and Lance, my boy, that was the last time I ever saw my children in this world."

He choked, and could go no further. In a few moments, however, he grew a trifle stronger, and resumed his story. But Lance saw that he was fast losing strength.

"When I returned home the following day," he whispered huskily, putting his hand over his eyes as if the fearful picture haunted him still, "the house wore a strangely silent and deserted look. I don't know why it was, but I felt a cold chill strike to my heart as I entered. At first I could make out nothing, for the room was in darkness from the fact that the curtains were drawn and the shutters closed. Gradually I became accustomed to the shadows, and there to my horror beheld my wife lying dead upon the floor, her throat cut from ear to ear, and pinned to her dress a scrap of paper, upon which was written these words:

"Revenge is sweet, Richard Thalberg! The woman you robbed me of years ago I now take from you. Your children you shall never see again. In their place I leave you my boy, and every time you look at him think of me. I shall do everything in my power to cause you anguish."

"DONALD GORDON."

"I rushed to the cradle, and in place of my baby daughter found a chubby boy of

(Continued on Page 11.)



[This story commenced in No. 1.]

# YELLOW AND BLACK; OR, THE TWO BOSSES OF WHACKINGTON ACADEMY.

By SAM SMILEY,

Author of "A New Tommy Bounce," "Aunt Maria," "The Shortys Doing Europe," etc

## PART IX.

DOWN the road flew that horse with Wing on his back.

At every step the Chinaman jumped a foot in the air.

When he came down again he howled like blue blazes.

"Hi-ya, stoppee, no go so klick!" he yelled.

The horse went along just the same.

It was anything but fun for the Chinaman.

If you want to know how he felt, try riding for the first time.

If you have never ridden in your life, you don't know anything about it.

If you have ridden over a hilly road after a long period of inactivity, then you do.

I can imagine how that heathen felt. I have been there myself.

"Well, well, just look at the Chinese go it!"

"He's a snorter naow, ain't he, by gosh!"

"Keep a hummin', mister, don't stop."

"Wall, I swan!"

"Dew tell!"

"Land o' goodness, I never see the beat o' that!"

"Gosh! he's off, b'gosh!"

By the time Wing sat on the steps they all understood the situation.

"Hed a fine ride, hain't ye?"

"Yew done splendid."

"Dew it over agin, Yaller."

"They hain't no rider in this yer taown kin beat thet, by durn."

"And haow fine he stopped."

"Oh, he's a snorter, he is."

Wing said nothing for a few minutes.

It was not an easy matter to think of words to do the subject justice, on the spur of the moment.

"Cussee!" he said at length.

"Me sellee myself for yellee doggee, den choke doggee."

"Nevee see so bigee fool like Wingee. Me kickee when me gettee he home."

By this time he had reached the inside of the store.

The boss knew him.

He came up smiling.

"Ah, One Lung, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Me gottee note givee you," said Wing.

It would have been better for Wing if he had lost it.

The bottle was gone and everything else, but not the note.

That was in the Chinaman's side pocket.

He produced it and handed it over to the store-keeper.

The latter read it, and laughed.

"Well, I never," he snorted.

Wing never tumbled.

"Just turn around a minute," said the boss.

"All right."

Then he turned.

He ought to have known better.

Dick Sharp was always up to mischief, and he knew it.

"There you are!" said the proprietor.

Then he gave Wing a rousing old kick just below the suspender buttons.

Wing gave one howl and went flying out of the door.

He never stopped till he landed at the bottom of the steps.

The hayseeder were somewhat surprised at this.

"Gosh! What jew dew thet fur?" they asked.

"Cause he asked me to!" roared the storekeeper.

"My! I ain't had so much fun in a week o' Sundays."

"He asked ye tu?"

"Yes; here it is."

Then he showed the note.

It was worded thus:

"DEAR HANKS,—Please give the bearer a good kicking."

"DICK SHARP."

"Wall, I swan!" snickered the hayseeder.

"Sendin' him with a note like that, and him fule enough tu take it. Wall, I never!"

"Some fellers hain't got no sense at all, nohow!"

"Wonder if he knowed thet the letter said for Hanks to kick him?"

"Course he did, but them Chinese can't niver see a joke."

Wing got onto the wherefore of his being kicked out from what he heard.

"Lettee say you givee me kickee?" he asked.

"Yes, yu dumb fule."

"Cussee!" said Wing, as he walked away.

He felt sore in more ways than one.

He ached all over to begin with.

Then he was mad besides.

There were several reasons for this.

He was mad because he was mad.

He was also mad on account of his aches and pains.

The tossing about he had got made him mad.

The laughing of the hayseeder made him madder.

The knowledge that he had let Dick make a fool of him added fuel to his wrath.

For one reason and another, therefore, he was very mad.

Away he went limping, grunting and cussing, inwardly and outwardly.

"Me smash lilly bloy's snootee, me cathee, me blackee face!"

"More better Dickee got killee before he was bornee, flesh lilly looster, cussee him eyes!"

"Me biggee fool tinkee he give me dlinkee whisky, me no gottee lilly bit savvy!"

"Me cathee me tust Dickee some more, me kickee self!"

"Cussee!"

Wing got over his mad by the time he got home.

The effects of his ride were more lasting.

The next day they were worse than the first.

He could not sit down without saying something bad for a week.

It was more convenient to eat standing up during that period.

The ride from Jerusalem to Jericho or up the rocky road to Dublin were neither of them as bad as Wing's, and they are both bad enough.

He walked duck legged for about ten days.

Wash suggested rubbing his legs with a bottle of whisky.

The very mention of the stuff made him furious.

"Cussee whiskey!" he retorted. "Me no wantee dlink, me no gettee in tubble!"

"H'm, you'm a big fool!" said Wash.

"Me, big fooler?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed."

"Yep, me spect so," said Wing, who was more and more convinced of the fact the more sore and tender his joints got.

One day Dick had his safety out in front of the house.

It was after school hours and he thought he would take a spin.



WASH WENT SPEEDING ALONG THE WALK IN FINE SHAPE. SUDDENLY THE BOYS SCATTERED RIGHT AND LEFT. "GORRY!" CRIED WASH, "DIS AM SPLENDID!" THEN HE WENT FAIRLY FLYING. NOT FOR LONG, HOWEVER.

Wing had let go of the reins and the brute took advantage of it.

That was one reason for his going so fast.

There were others.

At several points in the road some of the boys had stationed themselves.

When Wing appeared they were ready to give him a good send off.

Out they jumped as soon as he came along.

Then they set up a yell.

It was enough to rattle any nag.

Wing's animal was no exception.

In fact, he was very easily rattled.

Every time he heard a yell he dusted.

The faster he went the higher Wing jumped.

Consequently, the greater was the jar when he came down.

The horse had got to going, and he kept on.

Wing grabbed his mane with both hands and held on.

Away went his hat at the start.

His queue uncoiled and went fluttering out behind him like a ship's pennant.

He tried to dig his heels into the brute's sides, but it was no go.

At every leap he was bound to go flying up in the air.

"Cussee, blazee, stoppee, no go so klick likee flun."

The horse did not change his gait for Wing's say so.

He had got warmed up to his work.

And he wasn't going to stop till he got ready.

It was fun for him to go like that.

His legs felt as if somebody had been dancing on them with iron shoes.

They felt as if they were about forty feet long and aching in every inch.

They did not feel like legs at all.

They felt like logs of wood, with fire all over and around them.

And every minute they got worse.

The trouble was not confined to Wing's legs.

It went up his back and to the top of his head.

The noise stopped at last.

Wing got off.

It was not hard work.

He rolled off.

He couldn't have sat on another minute.

Then he got up.

It was hard work.

His legs did not seem to want to do anything for him.

They were on strike, in fact.

At every step they threatened to quit.

Poor Wing was more bow-legged than ever just then.

"Cussee, blazee, leg sick!" he sputtered.

Then he sat down.

There was a door step handy.

The horse had stopped in front of the store.

Wing sat down on the steps leading to it.

There were several witnesses of his gallant entry into town.

There is always a lot of loungers hanging around a country store.

The usual number was on hand on this occasion.

When Wing came up they gave him a rousing welcome.

Then all the hayseeder laughed ready to split.

"Cussee!" remarked Wing with more emphasis than before.

That set all the loafers off again.

"Cussee—blazee!" said Wing.

He was getting more into the way of the thing.

"Wall, by durn, jest hear the Chinese swear!"

"Beats all I ever heerd!"

"Hossee no good—choppee lup for makee fire!"

"Wall, I swan!"

"Dirty lish tlick! Me likee smashee someblody jaw, hap!"

"Didn't ye like yure ride?" asked one of the gang.

"Yep, me spect so," said Wing, getting up.

He didn't look that way as he limped up the steps.

His path was very crooked as he waddled into the store.

A lame duck going across the road was a marvel of grace when compared to him.

On the way he made several remarks all to himself.

"Wingee big fool, tly to lide hossee."

That was one of them.

"Lilly boy know Wingee big jackeeless, allee timee."

That was another.

"Wing no gottee blains likee yallee doggee!"

Me do big fool ting likee dis again, me hopee somebody kickee.

"Nasty lish tlick, gettee me to lide hosseeback."



Just as he was mounting, along came Wash.

"Sakes alive!" said the coon. "Whar's de res' ob dat wagon?"

"This isn't a wagon, Wash," said Dick, riding slowly along the walk, "this is my safety."

"H'm! dat's wha' I sayed. Do she ride easy?"

"As easy as nothing at all. Why, a baby could ride it."

Then Dick showed how easy it was to ride the thing.

It was, for him, for he was an expert.

It seemed to be no effort at all to ride, he did it so nicely.

"Why, it's as easy as walking, Wash," he said. "I'm surprised that more people don't use them. Just see how easy it is."

It looked the easiest thing in the world. So it is. When you know how.

Three or four of Dick's chums came along while he was showing off.

He gave them a wink and a few hints. That was all they wanted.

They were all around at the side of the house by this time, Wash having followed.

"Ain't it easy, Wash?" asked Dick.

"Why, you could do it yourself."

"Do yo' tink so, Marse Dick?" asked Wash, his eyes shining.

"Certainly."

"Of course you could," said Dick, getting off the wheel, "try a spin just for fun."

He held the machine straight, and Wash had an idea that it always stood that way.

"I'll bet that you can ride as well as I can," said Dick.

He didn't say when, however.

"Does you tink so, Marse Dick?" asked Wash.

"Why, cert!" said Hall Wright in a loud voice.

"Of course," added Ned.

He also spoke in a high key.

In fact, all the boys did except Dick.

Dick was thirty or forty feet from them. They were making a lot of noise.

More than there seemed any need of, in fact.

"Come on, Hall," said Dick, "give Wash a lift!"

"Yo' am 'fraid I'll smash de machine, am yo', Marse Dick?" asked the coon.

"Certainly not. Go on, get aboard."

"Hooray!" yelled the boys.

Dick and Hall Wright gave Wash the correct boost.

He sat in the saddle like a major.

Dick held the thing steady for him.

"Take hold of the handles, Wash," he said, "and steer her. It's easy."

"So it am," said Wash. "She am goin' am she?"

"To be sure. You've got your feet on the pedals, haven't you? It's just like walking."

The machine was moving along easily—one boy on each side of it.

"Ain't that fine?" asked Hall Wright.

"There's no trouble about that, is there?" asked Dick.

"Dat's wha' I sayed. Fo' Gawge I neber s'pected it was so easy."

"Why, you're a natural rider, you are."

"Deed I is, son. Dat's wha' I sayed. Dere ain't no trouble 'bout dis."

"I should say not."

Wash worked his legs, and held the handle bar, and thought he was working the whole business.

Dick was doing the most of it, however.

"Hurrah!" yelled Bob Smart. "You're a dandy, Wash."

"Bully for the coon!" shouted Ned Watts. "He's a dandy."

"Now we're off!" roared Tom Butts.

Wash was on, however, not off.

He was not on to the boys, however.

They were yelling like a lot of Comanches.

Whacker did not usually permit so much noise so close to the house.

His study was not ten feet from where the boys were yelling.

It was more than likely that he would come out to investigate the cause of the racket.

"How are you getting on, Wash?" asked Dick.

The coon had gone about ten feet.

"Ise doin' fus' rate, sah. Neber seed anything so easy."

"Well, didn't I tell you so in the first place?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed, Marse Dick."

Just then Bob Smart threw up his hat and yelled.

"Bully!" he shouted.

Dick gave his side partner a wink.

Hall Wright let go of his side of the wheel.

Dick did the same, after giving it a dandy shove.

Wash went speeding along the walk in fine shape.

Suddenly the boys scattered right and left.

"Gorry!" cried Wash, "dis am splendid!"

Then he went fairly flying.

Not for long, however.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A Wonderful Hair Renewer.

By "ED."

THE other day there came into the office of HAPPY DAYS a bucolic-looking gentleman to whom the sound of babbling brooks and lowing kine were more familiar than the roar and noise of the mighty city.

He wore a hat of the vintage of '49, an old-time shad-bellied coat, and homespun inexpressibles of a butternut hue.

As for his boots, they were clumsy and ornamented with the bright red mud of New Jersey.

"Say," he drawled, addressing our handsome porter, who was inhaling the fragrance of a rose which he held in his jeweled fingers, "is there a young fellow named 'Ed' around here?"

"Mean a lanky sort of lad?"

"Yes."

"Generous with regard to ears?"

"Yes."

"Prodigal in reference to his nose?"

"The same."

"Well, yes, there is such a blooded Castilian around here that we keep on draught, but he ain't flowing just now."

"He ain't?"

"No. I believe he's gone off to the foot ball match, an amusement which does not cost him a cent, because he takes charge of the water pail."

The caller looked disappointed.

"I wish he was in," he said.

"Why?" queried our porter, as he made an amatory pretense of throwing the rose to an auburn-haired young lady who was at work curling feathers in the feather foundry across the street.

"Because," said the other, "I would just like ter have a little fun with him."

"How?"

"Greasing up the floor with him."

Our porter, whose name is Jack, looked interested.

"Did his jags offend you?"

"Rather."

"How? Just sit down on the railing and spin the yarn."

The stranger obeyed.

He followed Jack's example and took a perch on the iron railing which guards the front stoop.

"Now," said he, "unfurl your tale."

Cutting a good hunk from a plug of tobacco, he engulfed it inside of his cheek.

"This fellow that called himself 'Ed,'" he began, "came to my house last summer and said he had the lingering consumption, and was combining pleasure with business by selling a patent hair renewer, guaranteed to grow hair on the most sterile scalp. Well, I am a little bald-headed myself, and as he let me have them for nigh cost, as he assured me, I bought three bottles."

"Were they satisfactory?"

"Too darned much so!"

Jack looked surprised.

"I thought you wanted hair raised?"

"So I did, but not too darned much of it. I wanted hair raised on scalps and faces where it belongs, and not on eggs."

"What are you giving me?"

"Waal, I might as well start at the beginning. I bought the hair restorer, and like a fool left it in the closet where it could be got at."

"Did anybody get at it?"

"Did they?"

"Stranger, I should weep. My mother was the first one to go snooping around the closet. The old lady is a church member, but she has rather loose ideas about property. She swiped one of the bottles, one warranted to grow red hair, thinking it was perfumery."

"She rubbed it on her face that night when she went to bed, and in the morning she was a sight."

"Why?" asked Jack.

"Her face was covered with a growth of red hair about two inches long."

"What did you do?"

"What could I do but shave her, and I have to do it yet. Stranger?"

"Yes."

"It is hard lines on a hardworking farmer to have, 'sides tending to farm duties, to shave his mother night and morning."

"That's so."

"Next my youngest son got hold of a bottle of black. He's the baby, and he rubbed it over the keys of the pianer. The key-board was covered with hair!"

"Gosh!"

"It's so."

"What did you do?"

"Cut it off."

"Did the key-board keep bald-headed?"

"No; the more I mowed away at it the more dense the hair grew. So I gave it up, and let the hair stay. I blamed near got read out of the Methody church, too."

"How?"

"I called the minister in, and showed him the pianer, and told him how the hair came there. He wouldn't believe it, read me a lecture on lying, and came near offering prayers in my behalf in church."

that I be cured of the sin of bearing false witness."

"Did he?"

"No, he sort of changed his mind because I chip in purty well toward the church, and when it comes to foreign missions, I ain't the sort of a Christian to begrudge a few dollars the converted savages to buy revolvers with to use against their unregenerate brethren with, so I believe that he went around and whispered that too much mental application had temporarily affected my mind, and if I acted a little queer they must not notice it."

"Well, he was not such a bad fellow after all," commented Jack. "He might have given it out that you were boozed."

"So he might," answered the farmer. "They are thinking of sending him off to Europe for his health, and I don't begrudge fifty cents to sending him there."

"That's kind."

"Yes, more especially as his lungs are all gone, and I don't believe he will ever live to get back, but die over there, which will be sort of rough on his wife and seven kids to be left on a foreign shore, but then ain't we taught that the Lord will provide?"

"Yes," thoughtfully replied Jack. "But it seems a sort of tough, unchristian like deal to leave a lone widow with kids to scratch gravel for themselves in a foreign land. It looks to me, my friend, like a dirty piece of business, and you can gamble that I wouldn't be into it, or any other white man!"

His companion ignored Jack's remark, wisely, too, I think.

"But hair on the eggs?" mentioned Jack.

"I'm coming to that now," said the other. "I made up my mind to empty all of the bottles."

"I should if I were you."

"I did. One night I emptied them all into the chicken trough."

"What's that?"

"Where the chickens get their drinking water."

"What happened?"

"You may not believe it, but every egg that my hens laid the next day had hair on it."

Jack gave a gasp.

He nearly fell off the railing.

"Do you mean me to believe all you have just told me?"

"It's so."

"Well, I don't believe it. Git."

"What for?"

"Before I bounce you."

"What do you want to bounce me for?"

"For lying. You take the bun when lies are going around."

"But I want to see Ed."

"You can't see him. Scoot!"

"But—"

"There are no buts. Climb!"

And to enforce his words, he took the pilgrim by the collar and kicked him across the street, flinging him into the gutter when he finished the exercise.

"I'll be gosh darned!" quoth Jack, in righteous disgust, "that fellow is too big a liar to live. The idea of him sending a minister's family to die in a foreign country! I wish now I had hit him just once!"

So is the story the boys at the office tell me.

I believe it.

It sounds like Jack.

ARE YOU SAVING THE STAMP COUPONS? YOU MAY BE SORRY IF YOU ARE NOT.

## Answers to Correspondents.

### To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents in sending number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be re-written by those who send them. A considerable trouble has been caused by those who fail to mention the paper in which they wish their answers to appear. NOTICE is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed to EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 34 and 35 North Moore St., N. Y. Box 2730.

LOUIS H. RICE.—There is no premium on a 50 cent piece of 1851.

DANIEL ROGERS.—From Baltimore, Md., to Rotterdam, Holland, is about 3,725 miles.

U. L. BAKER.—We cannot publish that song, as the copyright is owned by another publisher.

K. E. WARREN.—Any separate mark of the pen counts as a stroke in the funny face contest.

J. J. D.—The only cent you name bearing premium is the 1857 flying-eagle cent, which is worth \$1.50.

UNION HILL, N. J.—The rubbings are of hard times tokens, and, if in good condition, are worth about 10 cents each.

WM. H. REESE.—The rubbing you send is a half-shilling piece of Norway, and is worth, if in good condition, about three cents.

RAY REINHHEIMER.—From the meager information you give, we are unable to advise you. If you think you can make the store pay, try it.

WM. H. TAYLOR.—"The Wolf Hunters of Minnesota" was contained in Nos. 339 to 347 of The Boys of New York. The story is out of print.

I. J. FITZPATRICK.—We cannot say at present when the funny face contest will end. Due notice will be given several weeks in advance.

C. T. S.—Ask her. 2 It would be impossible to answer your question unless we were able to meet personally. 3 A meter is a measure 39.368 inches in length.

SUN SHINE.—The first number of The Boys of New York was dated August 23, 1875. 2 Old King Brady is still living. 3 Cole and Jim Younger are still living in the Stillwater penitentiary.

GEO. F. BLAKE.—You must make four distinct strokes of the pen inside the circle, otherwise your drawing will not count. Read the directions to be found on the sixteenth page of this paper.

O. C. STOPS.—The only way to remove scratches from a piano is to have a regular piano repairer or polisher come and do it for you. If you attempt it yourself you will probably do more harm than good.

JACK WRIGHT.—There is no premium on a nickel of 1877. 2 We may have some stories about base ball when the season opens next spring. 3 A boy of sixteen ought to be about five feet tall and weigh 100 pounds.

F. W. L.—The first submarine boat was invented by Cornelius Van Drebbel, a Hollander, in the year 1620. 2 They are real characters. 3 Carl Greene is about 32, Jerry Owens 45, and Old King Brady about 50 years of age.

THE MAGICIAN.—You can begin to learn to become a magician by learning the tricks to be found in "How to Become a Magician." Price 10 cents. For sale by your newsdealer, or we will send it to you upon receipt of the price.

CHING CHING.—Jesse James was forty years of age at the time of his death. 2 Frank James is now living in St. Louis, Mo. 3 Cole Younger is serving a life sentence in the Stillwater, Minn., penitentiary. 4 Old King Brady lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., when at home.

CLIFFORD.—The following are the names of the first three horses in the Suburban of 1885: Pontiac, Dry Monopole and Bluwing. 2 The next best record to Salvator is Kildeer, 1.37 1-2. 3 You may be able to order such a book from the International News Co., 83 Duane St., New York.

K. V. P.—We hardly understand your question. Gilt or bronze on paper is done in many ways; some use a size and pure gold leaf, others use Dutch metal, and others common bronze powder. There is nothing to equal gold leaf. The embossing on writing paper is generally put on by aid of a steel die.

H. R. C.—We cannot republish any of the stories you name at present. You will hear from your favorite authors during the winter, as they are now preparing new stories. Police Captain Howard and Tom Fox (Punch and the Detective) continue to write for this paper. We are very much pleased with your flattering opinion of HAPPY DAYS.

J. J. J.—You are about the average height and weight. 2 If your eyes are strong enough to work without a glass do so, but if you find that it draws them or hurts your eyes to work without a glass, we advise you to use them. Wood engraving, especially fine work, is very trying for the eyes. 3 We cannot answer your third question. Keep on practicing.

WOULD-BE WHEELMAN.—We cannot explain how two men can make a tour of the world starting with only their wheels and the clothes on their backs. They will no doubt use every available means to accomplish their end; the novelty of the undertaking and the sympathy of other wheelmen will no doubt have a great deal to do with helping them on their way.

HANDSOME HARRY.—We placed the coupons for funny faces and stamps on the second page of this paper so that they would not destroy the reading matter when cut out. In almost any other part of the paper there would be times when they would be backed up by reading matter; in the position in which they are now they are always backed up by the heading of the paper.

HEVVY WAITE.—Cigarette and tobacco smoking most invariably affects the heart. Stop smoking at once. 2 The North Pole, being nearer the center of civilization, is more sought after than the South Pole. 3 The present population of New York is 1,800,000, while that of Chicago is estimated at 1,600,000. 4 He does not write for us at present. 5 George Dixon is twenty-four years of age.

D. Y. WELSH.—The following is the number of vessels of all kinds in the navies of the principal nations of the world: Great Britain, 529; France, 411; Russia, 275; Germany, 261; Turkey, 117; Sweden and Norway, 116; Spain, 112; Netherlands, 109; Austria, 105; China, 104; Italy, 101; Denmark, 90; Japan, 80; United States, 75; Brazil, 70; Argentine Republic, 45; Portugal, 39; Chili, 33, and Mexico, 10.

AN ACTOR.—The coin you describe is of no value. It is what they call a "Copperhead," and was issued by a private party during the scarcity of small change in 1863. 2 You cannot give a theatrical performance in a city without a license, unless you play in a licensed house under contract to the owner or lessee. 3 The story in question was written by him, but has never been produced on the stage.

ED.—The highest lake in the world is Lake Victoria, in India, 15,630 feet above sea level. Lake Titicaca, partly in Peru and Bolivia, South America, is 12,850 feet above sea level; it is one hundred miles in length by thirty-five wide, and is navigated by several steamboats. 2 Lima, in Peru, is pronounced as it is spelled "Lee-ma." Lima, in the United States, is pronounced as it is spelled, with the accent on the "i." 3 If you will read the directions relating to the comic face prize, to be found on the sixteenth page of Nos. 5, 6 and 7 of this paper, you will find that only four strokes of the pen are allowed, and they must be inside of the circle.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)



## THE ROSE OF THE WEST.

(Continued from page 8.)

three fast asleep. My first impulse was to strangle him, but at that moment he opened his big brown eyes, and holding out his hands to me laughed in such an innocent, winning manner, that I drew back, horrified at the wicked feelings which had burned within my breast a moment before. That baby boy was you, Lance, and in spite of the fact that you were Donald Gordon's child, I learned to care for you as I would my own. In vain I searched for Donald Gordon. I never found trace of either him or my children, and I am dying here to-night by his hand, the same as he murdered my wife. I did not intend to tell you this, my boy, but it is better to know the truth after all."

His voice ceased, his head fell back heavily, and Lance thought he was dead, but he opened his eyes with a gasp.

"Remember your promise," he panted. "You swore that you would kill him, and if you break your oath—"

"Break my oath!" echoed the young hunter, bitterly. "Break my oath! My God! father—for I must still call you by that name—I would die rather than break my oath! Donald Gordon shall die, and I, his son, will kill him! It is maddening to think that in my veins flows the same blood that is in the veins of that murderer! Were it not for my oath to you I would let every drop of it out of my body here, in this spot, where I have learned that he is my father!"

"Your oath—your oath," muttered the dying man. "Your oath before everything. Kill Donald Gordon, then search for Lola and Lily. If they are living they would be sixteen years old, dark eyes and hair, and on the right arm of each, close to the shoulder, there is a tiny red mark, the exact shape of a deer's head and horns. It is a birthmark. Find them—find my children."

Lance could feel the coldness of death creeping over the already cold hands and face, and he knew that the end was near. Once more the ashen lips moved, and bending his head he caught the faint whisper: "Your oath—my boy, never—break it—but kill—him the slayer—of my wife! So cold—so dark—Lance—"

That name was the last word he ever uttered in this world, for death set its seal upon his brow, and where a moment before there had been two living mortals, there was now but one.

Slowly the young man arose, and folding his arms, stood looking down into the face of the dead.

"He is dead," he said, quietly, his face almost as white as the one before him. "My first duty is to the dead; after that the living."

By the light of the pine torch he set to work and hollowed out a shallow grave, and with his own hands buried the man whom he had always believed was his father, placing a huge stone on the mound to keep the wild beasts from digging down into the shallow chamber where slept Richard Thalberg. Then picking up his rifle he gave one long, last look at the ruins of his home and the new-made grave, before turning his back upon it forever. The next moment he strode away into the darkness in the direction of Old Mission.

His lips were firmly compressed, his eyes gleamed like coals of fire and he walked rapidly over the ground. He knew well what he was going to see, and yet he was hardly prepared for the ghastly sight which met his eyes, when he reached his destination. The town lay in ruins, strewn with the dead bodies of men, women and children—not a soul was left to tell the tale, and the only building that remained untouched, was the church, that standing alone in the midst of bloodshed and death, towered up calm and serene, its cross outlined against the night sky.

## CHAPTER V.

"MY MISSION IS TO FIND DONALD GORDON, AND KILL HIM."

For a few moments the horror-stricken youth gazed at the solitary building before him, that loomed up lonely and weird against the night sky. He felt the blood within his veins grow cold, for he knew the massacre had been terrible and complete. The town of Old Mission lay in ruins, and the unfortunate inhabitants were all slaughtered by their merciless foe, or either a few had escaped. But those fortunate ones must have been few indeed, as the dead forms lying near by told too well.

In spite of his courage and coolness Lance shuddered, leaning against the charred trunk of a tree for support. And it was some time before he could control himself sufficiently to look into any of those stark, upturned faces. He knew he must look, yet the thought that she whom he sought might be among them, well nigh unnerved him.

"I must not give way to these fears and fancies," he muttered between his set teeth. "Rose may have escaped. Per-

haps they spared her life, and made her a prisoner. If that be so, then there is hope, for I will find her."

The moon which had been in hiding behind a bank of clouds, suddenly shed her silver light over the ghastly scene. The young hunter shuddered at the awful sight that met his gaze, covering his eyes with one hand to shut out those white, distorted faces, some blood-stained, some beyond all traces of recognition.

"This will never do," he said, bracing himself for the trying ordeal through which he had to pass. "I must find Rose, and showing the white feather will never do it."

From one stiff, stark form to another he went, peering into each face, and the horrible fear within his heart, grew less as he realized that the maiden was not among the dead. And yet how much better was her fate, he asked himself as he straightened up from his gruesome task. Would she not be far better off dead than as a prisoner?

He found the dead bodies of her aged parents, both lying close together where they had fallen, showing that they had fought to the last for their lives. There were many there whom he had known, and as he realized in full the horrible crime his features became convulsed with fury, his brawny chest heaved stormily.

"And that fiend is my father," he repeated, bitterly. "The demon who is at the head of this outrage is my father. My own flesh and blood. Great heavens, could any one upon earth have a worse punishment? The thought that I must go through life with that stain upon me maddens me. I may live to be an old man, and—"

He turned away his head, a deep and bitter groan bursting from his lips. He was young, with life before him; he was proud, and the haunting thought that he was Donald Gordon's son would never leave him.

There was no time to be lost, however, and he shook off those morbid feelings, and prepared to go in search of Rose Neville, whom he believed to be a prisoner among the Indians.

"I would like to give them a Christian burial," he said, slowly, his eyes once more resting upon the old couple, who had refused to be parted even in death. "But to do that would be to lose valuable time. The living needs me far more than the dead. I must leave that for other hands than mine."

With those words he grasped his rifle tighter, and with a sigh turned his back upon the ruins of ill-fated Old Mission.

He had no difficulty in following the trail, for there was only one, and that was very plain. He knew the Indians would make no attempt to conceal their footsteps until they had gone some distance from the scene of the massacre, and until then he would have no trouble in following them.

He went swiftly on, never slackening his speed until he reached the edge of a grove. There he suddenly halted, for the trail now led in two opposite directions. The band had evidently broken up, and gone each a different route. "Cunningly enough they had thought to puzzle any pursuer."

His hopes, which had been rising with every step, now sank within his heart. Which way should he go? he asked himself. Which party was Rose with?

"If I follow the wrong trail it is a loss of time," he muttered, scanning the ground closely. "I wish I knew which band she was with."

"You'll never find out by standing there, let me tell you that, youngster," a heavy voice suddenly said, and grasping his rifle with the instinct taught by years of a life fraught with danger, Lance wheeled about only to confront a tall figure that appeared gigantic in the moonlight.

"Drop that gun, my lad, I ain't going to harm you," the newcomer said, with a laugh that echoed like a roll of thunder, while he looked down at the young hunter as if he had been a child, for Lance had the shining barrel leveled full at him, while his finger was upon the trigger. "Good Lord, I could twist it in two like a piece of vine and wring your neck into the bargain. Just hold on a minute, sonny, before you shoot," he added, in mock amusement, "and give a feller a chance to say his prayers, won't you? Why, you tarnation young fool, do you mean to say that you don't know Jack Tift, or Black Jack, as is the name I go by?"

"Are you Jack Tift?" and the rifle was lowered, while the lad held out his hand. "You are the very one I want to see."

"I reckon so," and again that thunderous burst of merriment fairly shook the ground on which they were standing.

"Whenever there's a surprise party or a hair-dressing game going on, everybody wants to see Black Jack. Now, sonny, who might you be?"

Lance's face, which had suddenly beamed with hope at the sight of the newcomer, now clouded. The lips were compressed tightly, and for a moment he did not

speak, but when he did his voice was muffled and husky.

"Who am I?" he repeated, slowly. "I go by the name of Lance Thalberg. The man whom I supposed to be my father, Richard Thalberg, is dead, murdered by Donald Gordon and his band of cowardly cutthroats. I am now on his track, and I will rest neither day or night until I have taken his life. He robbed me of the only friend I had in the wide world, and he shall suffer for it!"

"Good! I like your grit, my lad," and Black Jack, as he was known, grasped the youth's hand, giving it such a hearty shake the latter winced with pain. "I'll go with you, for I'm bound on jest sitch a little excursion myself, and I reckon we'll manage to git a bit of fun out of it before we go home. Eh, sonny? But that ain't telling me who you are."

The youth's handsome face flushed hotly, and he felt as if a band of red-hot iron had suddenly tightened about his throat. His lips trembled, but with an effort he controlled himself, and raising his head, answered quietly:

"I am Donald Gordon's son."

Had a thunderbolt suddenly fallen at the feet of Black Jack, he could not have been more astounded. He stood staring at the youth as though he believed he had become insane, and then at the mention of that fatal name, Donald Gordon, his surprise gave place to anger.

"So you are the son of that cursed renegade and horse thief?" he said, his huge frame quivering in rage. "You young varmint you, what are you hanging around here for? What are you up to?"

The youth did not quail before the eyes of the now thoroughly enraged giant as he answered calmly:

"I am on Donald Gordon's track, seeking his life. That is why I am here, and before many days have passed I hope to be successful. My mission is to find Donald Gordon and kill him. I have no other object save to rescue from his power the maiden whom I believe is a prisoner among the band of Indians and outlaws led by Red Fox and Donald Gordon. Now you know why I am here."

## CHAPTER VI.

A NEW FRIEND.

BLACK JACK stared at Lance after he ceased speaking, then bringing his hand down upon his shoulder exclaimed:

"I'll be hanged if you ain't the queerest piece I ever run across! Yer say you are Donald Gordon's kid, and yet you're after his scalp. I can't understand that; but you're true blue and I'm going to stand by you. Do you hear that?"

"I value your friendship because I know you are a man of honor, one whom I am proud to know," the youth replied with feeling. "And since you seem inclined to trust me in spite of the fact that I am the son of a renegade and murderer I ought to feel doubly honored, for," bitterly, "that alone is enough to condemn me."

"Nonsense, sonny; you ain't to blame for what your old man has done," Black Jack said, briskly, "and I'll be darned if I believe you are his kid at all!"

Lance looked up eagerly, a gleam of hope lighting his eyes with a glow that an instant later faded away in despair. What folly it was for him to allow himself to dwell upon so false a hope, for had not Richard Thalberg's dying lips spoken the truth? It was only too true.

"I wish to Heaven I was not his son," he said to his new friend, "for it makes me hate myself. I will tell you the whole pitiful story some day when we have the time to spare. Now we have something else to think of if we would save her from his cruelty."

"You need tell me jest what you see fit to and no more," Black Jack answered. "I'm your friend, and come what may I'm going to be! But who is the gal that Donald Gordon has got his clutches on?"

"She is Rose Neville, and her parents are both lying dead there in Old Mission," Lance said, looking back in the direction of the ruined town. "I am sure that Donald Gordon has taken her a prisoner, and her fate will be even worse than death unless we rescue her."

"Then what are you standing here for?" his companion asked, abruptly. "I gave you credit for having more brains than that, sonny. What are you waiting for?"

"I don't know which trail to follow," Lance replied. "You see the single one divides here and branches out in two separate directions."

"Ha, ha, ha! I knew you war a sort of tenderfoot from the minute I set eyes on you," laughed Black. "I guess you ain't lived around in these parts so very long?"

"I have been here five years," and the youth's face reddened, for he did not relish being ridiculed, "but I don't claim to be an expert in following a trail."

"Never mind, my boy, you'll soon learn all these little tricks," the good-natured giant replied. "You see, the pesky varmints played a trick on you. They're up to all such games. Of course they expect-

ed to be followed, and they thought to lead you off the scent by going in two opposite directions. But remember this, for it will stand you in hand a good many times—whenever a trail branches off in separate ways, it's sure to meet again in a day or so. Naturally it would puzzle a greenhorn, for he would go half way on one, then turn back and take the other. By the time he got to the end the sneaking reds would be away, and he wouldn't have any chance of overtaking 'em again. Oh, I tell you they're sly dogs! But come along, sonny, or we'll get left as sure's my name's Jack Tift."

"He stood still for a moment, then getting down upon his hands and knees, he studied the trail closely. Lance said nothing, but watched him sharply, and at last he arose, looking first in one direction, then another.

"Come along, my boy," he said, and he started along the trail leading to the left, walking swiftly, his long legs taking such gigantic strides that the youth was hardly able to keep up with him without running. He went on at that rate for some time without finding a solitary clew that led him to believe he was on the right trail, when suddenly he dived down, and held up something white.

"We are on the right track, my boy," he said, triumphantly, waving the bit of white, which when unfolded proved to be a handkerchief. "And it looks like a woman's rag at that."

Lance took the handkerchief in his own hands and examined it. It had been trampled upon by hundreds of feet, and was so dirty and begrimed that it was almost impossible to tell what it was. But he looked in one corner, and his heart gave a great leap, for there embroidered in silk was a rose, and then he knew who the owner was. For had he not sent away to a distant town for it at Christmas to present to the fair Rose of the West, as beautiful Rose Neville was termed far and wide throughout that wild section, and no wonder his pulse tingled, for he felt she was safe at any rate.

"This is her handkerchief," he said, a trifle unsteadily. "So she must have passed over this very spot with her captor. We cannot be so very far behind them after all."

The big scout shook his head. "I don't know about that," he answered, dubiously. "It's like this, the gal may have let that rag fall on purpose, or she may have known nothing about it. Then again them pesky red dogs are cute enough to play jest sitch a trick. They are up to all kinds of monkey shines, and the Lord knows what they won't do next. It's this way—she may have let it fall to show her friends which way they have taken her, or else it's a trick of theirs. So fur we're in the dark, and we've got to use our own judgment. In my opinion, we're on the right trail."

"We will have to take chances," Lance said. "And that is all we can do. At any rate, we will lose no more time."

So on they went again over rough, unbroken ground, through dense forests, where the gloomy cry of owls added to the loneliness of the night, never once halting for even a moment's rest, until it seemed to Lance that his aching limbs must give out beneath the weight of his own body. Still the thought of the maiden he had loved in the hands of the villainous renegade gave him new strength. He was strong and hardy, his eyes were keen as an eagle's, his hand cool and steady, but with all his physical powers he was not a match for the big scout, who did not know the meaning of the word fatigue.

Once he looked back at the youth and grinned in an amused way.

"Tiring you out, eh, sonny?" he asked jokingly. "You see what a godsend it is to have long legs."

"I am no more tired than when I started," Lance answered. "I have not the slightest sensation of weariness."

Black Jack did not make him any reply, for, before he could speak, close beside them an owl hooted dismally, and in such a peculiar tone that the scout halted and stood like a statue, not even seeming to breathe. The young hunter followed his example, and for a moment they listened intently, neither moving a muscle.

A second later the sound was repeated, and then followed a succession of similar sounds, each one coming nearer and nearer until it seemed to be only a few feet away from them. Just as they thought they were completely surrounded by redskins, a voice said:

"Well, I'll be hanged if ye ain't two of the darndest fools I ever sot eyes on. Walking along through the woods a-talking jest as if thar warn't a red within forty mile. Who be ye anyway? Some darned greenhorns, I'll bet. Come, git out of the shadow and show yer mugs so I kin see who ye be, fur I don't take much stock in ye."

## CHAPTER VII.

ON THE TRAIL.

To say that our friends were surprised



would be to express it altogether too mildly. They were astounded by the coolness of the new arrival upon the scene, and whether he was friend or foe they could not say.

"Ye might jest as well get a move on ye and git into the moonlight whare I kin see ye," he went on, "and don't try any funny business, fur I've got a dead level on yer, and I won't hesitate to fill ye full of lead if ye try any treachery. What might yer name be anyhow?"

"Stranger, it strikes me that you are mighty inquisitive," Black Jack said, in his deepest bass. "And we ain't agoing to tell you who we are until you first give us your name. It strikes me that you can't be much of a man anyway, because a man that will hoot like an Indian ain't no man at all. That's my candid opinion of you, whatever your name may be."

"What's that ye say," roared the newcomer. "Do ye dare say I'm no man at all? Why, you tarnal skunk, no man that lives kin call Ned Purdy a—"

"Ned Purdy?" echoed the big scout, in a voice of delight. "Why, you old fool, shove out that honest paw, for I swear I'd rather shake it than the Prince of Wales. To be sure I never saw your face, but I know you by reputation, and you're as square a man as ever fingered a trigger. Come out into the moonlight whare I can get a good squint at you."

Without relaxing his grip on the other's hand he dragged him out into a small, open glade, and Lance followed, suppressing a laugh, for he knew what the scout's handshake meant, and he pitied Ned Purdy.

"Well, I swear, if you ain't the homeliest, most forlorn-looking critter I ever set eyes on," Black Jack exclaimed, after he had looked the smaller man over from head to foot. "I've heard about you for years, but I'll be darned if I believed anybody could be so mighty homely and live. But you're a man, all the same, and I'm glad to know you."

"Ye ain't so very handsome as I kin see," and Ned Purdy, as he called himself, spoke in a reproachful tone. "I've seen Injuns as I could call handsome aside of ye, and who might ye be?"

The big scout had uttered the truth, for Ned Purdy, the famous old trapper, was about as ugly a specimen of manhood as one would meet in a day's travel. He was a small, weazened man, his face so wrinkled that it suggested parchment, but he was brave, honest, and as true as steel to his friends. Neither was Black Jack, the big scout, a handsome man, but one could not help but admire his stalwart form and muscular arms. His long, straight black hair and swarthy skin had earned for him the name of Black Jack. It was whispered that his mother had been a squaw, but if any one valued their life it was not best to mention it to him. As for Ned Purdy, when he told a man he was as homely as an Indian he considered that he said the worst thing it was possible to say.

"Who am I?" the scout repeated. "Well, I am known as Black Jack, but my real handle is Jack Tift."

There was a gasp from Ned Purdy, for he suddenly remembered how the scout hated Indians, and he knew how he punished any one who dared insult him. He commenced to fumble in his pocket before saying anything, then drawing forth a battered tobacco box, he held it out toward his companion.

"Have a chew," he said. "It's the best that money kin buy."

Now if there was one thing in the world Black Jack hated next to Indians, it was tobacco in any shape or form.

"I never use the darned stuff," he answered disdainfully. "I've got more sense nor that. It's good enough for a big buck Indian, but a decent man has to be mighty near a fool to—"

Ned Purdy's fighting blood was up, and his eyes snapped.

"Now look a-here, Mr. Black Jack," he drawled, in his queer, nasal tones. "I hain't nowhere as big as ye are, but I'll be darned if I am a-going to stand and hear terbaccer abused in that way. My dad and grand-dad smoked and chawed afore me, and I'm a-going to do the same. If ye don't like it, then ye needn't stay near, thet's all."

Lance saw that a quarrel was beginning to brew, and he stepped between the pair. "Gentlemen, I beg to remind you that time is flying, and we have much to do. Not only are we in danger, but we are forgetting one who is in the hands of the enemy, a weak, frail girl."

"The kid is right!" Ned Purdy admitted, "and we are two darned old fools. If them pesky Injuns hev a gal prisoner, why, I swear thet I'll save her, or my name ain't Ned Purdy!"

"You're a brick after all," and the scout gave him a slap on the back that made him wince. "And if I've offended you, I'm sorry, that's all."

"It's all right," Ned Purdy answered with dignity, drawing himself up to his full height. "And we had better git along

as fast as we kin, fur in my opinion there's no time to lose."

Once more they started along the trail which grew fresher at every step. Black Jack led the way, Ned Purdy following him in the rear, and last of all came Lance. He could not help smiling at the difference between them, and yet in spite of their odd ways, they were the two best known men in that part of the country. For years he had heard of Jack Tift, the famous scout, and Ned Purdy, the trapper; but until to-night he had never chanced to meet them.

They said but little as they glided through the wood, their faces stern and set, their lips firmly compressed. Revenge was burning in the hearts of the entire party, and even though they knew that there were hundreds of redskins and outlaws in Red Fox's and Donald Gordon's bands, they were not daunted, for they had faced death and danger too often.

The first streaks of dawn were just appearing above the horizon when they emerged from the forest. Before them lay an open stretch of country, and beyond that another dense forest.

Ned Purdy halted and then turned to his companions.

"No use going any further to-day," he declared, with a shake of his head. "We might as well stay in the edge of the wood and lay low till night."

"Stay here all day!" Lance echoed, in dismay. "Do you mean that we must remain in this forest during the entire day?"

"That's jest what I do mean," the old trapper replied, looking at the youth sharply. "Unless," he added, with a grin, "ye want yer scalp lifted. And I don't think ye do, for ye don't look like a fool."

"What is the reason for remaining here?" Lance asked impatiently, for the loss of every moment was as an hour to him. "Why cannot we go on?"

"For a good reason, young man," and the old man's wrinkled face wore a look of amusement. "Thar ain't a red on this side of the plain, but let one of us show our nose out of the woods, and we'll get peppered right and left. They will leave some of the varmints in the woods over yonder, but when night falls they'll go on, and join the rest. Then we'll have plain sailing. Do ye see now?"

Lance was forced to admit the wisdom of his argument, and he remained silent. After a hasty meal, which the old trapper produced from his bag, for they dared not kindle a fire, Jack Tift settled himself at the foot of a tree, leaning against the trunk, and soon his heavy breathing announced that he slept. Ned Purdy sat smoking his pipe, not saying a word, but Lance saw that his keen eyes were constantly on the lookout for danger. The young hunter paced restlessly back and forth, longing for the welcome darkness, under whose friendly cover he would be enabled to rescue from her foes the fair rose of the West beautiful Rose Neville.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

H. K. SHACKLEFORD COMES TO THE FRONT NEXT WEEK WITH A SPLENDID NEW STORY OF "A BOY'S LIFE IN WALL STREET."

## THE BROTHERS.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

HOWARD and Robert Van Dam were twin brothers, and as nearly alike in appearance as they could be without being the same.

Robert's hair was lighter than Howard's, and was more wavy; then, too, he had little or no beard, while his brother had considerable.

They were both equal in muscular development, and were about evenly matched in strength and agility, both being handsome, brawny fellows, who carried away all the prizes for athletic sports, dividing them equally.

There were other things in which the brothers competed for honors besides athletic sports, and in which they were not so equally successful.

One of these was the hand of a young lady named Marian Duval, both brothers having fallen in love with her, and both striving to win her.

She treated both with equal courtesy, before strangers, though she really inclined toward Robert, much to Howard's disgust, for he wanted her for himself.

In this affair the rivalry was not as friendly as it was in other things, each thinking that the other ought to draw out of the contest.

Neither would, however, and Marian herself, with a woman's vanity, kept them both up to the highest pitch of excitement, finding pleasure in having their attentions.

She was not a coquette by any means, but loved to be courted and admired, and

thought she had time enough yet to choose between the two brothers.

She did not think that by dallying too long she might, perhaps, lose both.

Marian's father was a harsh sort of man, having an ugly temper, and being apt to fly out at his best friend upon the slightest provocation, or without any at all.

Robert put up with his idiosyncracies on Marian's account, and managed to get along very well with him, but Howard could not endure his unmannerly ways, and frequently made very tart replies to the gruff fellow's coarse remarks.

One evening Howard returned from a hunt, and, having some very fine partridges, thought he would make Marian a present.

Still clad in his rough hunting-jacket and leggings, he entered the house without knocking, as he always did, and proceeded to the sitting-room, where he found Marian and Robert.

"I have brought you a present," he said, "of some fat partridges."

"Oh, father will be delighted," said Marian. "He dotes on partridges."

"And aren't you delighted also?" asked Howard, with a shade of anxiety in his tone.

"Not particularly," she answered, mischievously. "I don't fancy partridges very much."

"But I shot them myself."

"They are partridges all the same, are they not?"

"Certainly; but all partridges are not the same. These are particularly fat and well flavored. I got them in the deepest part of the wood where there is nothing but the wildest kind of food for them. That improves the flavor."

"I could never tell any difference." "Not if you never ate them, of course; but I hope you will try them for my sake."

"Take what I don't like because you ask me to! Nonsense!"

She did not really mean this, but felt in a teasing mood that night and wanted to provoke him.

"You are not very gracious," he replied, petulantly. "I think I'm not wanted. Good-night."

He was turning to go when old Duval's voice was heard outside in loud and angry tones.

He had been off buying cattle and had just returned, whip in hand, and being tired and hungry was not in a particularly happy frame of mind.

At any other time the sight of the birds which Howard had thrown upon the table, would have delighted him; but now he was cross, and disposed to pick a quarrel with every one.

"Who's been tramping through the house with muddy boots, leaving a parcel o' nasty birds right on the clean table?" he grumbled. "Some o' them silly beaux of Marian's I suppose. Why the mischief can't she take one of 'em and tell the rest to clear out? She's old enough to know her own mind, I fancy."

He pushed the birds upon the floor, knocked down Howard's gun, which he had put away carefully in a corner, and then shying his hat at the poor cat, who, disturbed by the falling gun, had got her back up, and was spitting at the inoffensive articles, strode towards the sitting-room.

"So you've got two of 'em, have ye?" he roared, upon seeing the brothers. "Fine goings on, tramping about the house spoiling everything, and littering up the place with dirty traps. Why don't ye make one of 'em come to the point, you silly jade, and not go fooling 'em both in—"

Marian blushed scarlet, and Howard advancing a pace, said, angrily:

"For shame, sir, to speak to your daughter that way. You ought to have better manners."

"Who is it dares to talk manners to me in my own house?" roared the irate man, raising his whip over his head.

As he glared at Howard, the latter clenched his teeth, and advanced, Marian trying to restrain him, while Robert had also arisen in order to prevent a quarrel, if possible.

Robert was a favorite with the old man, and he tried to smooth matters over.

"Ye white livered puppy!" roared old Duval. "I've a mind to lash ye as I would a surly dog! Talk to me of manners, indeed!"

"I see it is useless," answered Howard, "for you don't know anything about them."

"Howard—for Heaven's sake, don't say any more!" said Robert. "Don't mind him, Mr. Duval—he is hasty, and you, perhaps, were a little quick—"

"Is it you, too, that abuses me to my own face, in my own house?" he shrieked, turning the full current of his wrath upon Robert.

He struck at the young man with his whip, and made a livid mark across his face.

Quick as a flash Howard, enraged at the insult offered to his brother, bounded forward, throwing aside Marian's detaining

hand, and delivered a sledge-hammer blow full in Duval's face, which felled him.

The old man struck his head against an antique sideboard and cut a bad gash in his forehead, which rendered him insensible.

Poor Marian gave one glance at his white, upturned face, with the red line across the forehead, and uttering a piercing shriek, fainted.

"I am obliged to you, Howard," said Robert, quietly, "for your zeal in my favor, but I am sorry this thing has happened."

Then he bent down to see what he could do for the old man, while Howard replied:

"Do you think I would see that brute strike you and not repay the insult? If he were a younger man I would have his blood."

"No, no! Don't say that!"

"The miserable dastard! Come away; this house is no place for us. If you coquette wants a husband, let her seek elsewhere than in the family of the Van Dams. She is unworthy to enter it."

Marian recovered as these words were uttered, and seeing Howard leave the room, knew at once that her chances in that direction were hopeless.

"If you will call assistance, Miss Duval I will take my leave," said Robert. "I wish to see your father properly provided for, but after that I must depart forever."

"Oh, Robert, Robert, you, too, are not false? Say you forgive him!"

"I cannot remain here after the insult I have received," said Robert, calmly, "and cannot ally myself with any one who claims kinship with such a brute. If I ever said aught which can be construed into protestations of love, consider it as unsaid."

The poor girl buried her face in her hands and wept.

Some one entered, and the old man showing signs of recovery, Robert left the house never to enter it again.

Old Duval was sick for a week, and was as savage as a man well could be, which greatly interfered with his speedy recovery.

He threatened to prosecute Howard Van Dam for assault, but recollecting that by so doing he would be laying himself open to an action on the same ground, brought by Robert, he concluded that it was best to say nothing about it.

Neither of the brothers came near the house after that, and soon an incident occurred which threw the whole neighborhood into an intense excitement.

This was no less than the finding, one morning, of the dead body of Robert Van Dam in the woods, with every indication that he had been murdered.

Then the old man came forward and said that he had heard the brothers quarreling the night before, and that Howard had threatened to kill Robert.

Later in the evening he had seen a man answering to the description of Howard, emerging from the wood with a gun in his hand, still smoking.

He accused the young man the next day of having shot his brother, and Howard was arrested.

There was no evidence but that of the old man, and this was purely circumstantial.

The body had been quickly buried, and but few saw it, those who did, however, swearing positively that it was that of Robert Van Dam.

Howard was placed upon trial, and the old man swore so clearly that he had heard Howard swear to kill Robert, and had afterward seen him come from the very wood where the latter's body was found, that the jury were almost prepared to convict him in their seats.

I had become interested in the case, and prepared a surprise for all concerned, and I will now proceed to relate how it happened.

The prisoner had been sitting all this time with his head bowed, not once looking up, as if overcome with grief.

The two brothers were very much alike, were they not?" asked the attorney for the defense.

"Yes; they were twins."

"Scarcely to be told apart?"

"If they had, both shaved close you could scarcely tell them one from the other."

"Robert had a scar across his face made by a blow from a whip, had he not?"

The old man turned scarlet while the witness answered in the affirmative.

"Has any one described such a scar as appearing on the face of the dead body?"

The testimony was read; no one had mentioned it.

"Did you see the body?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the scar?"

"I don't remember. I think perhaps—very likely I did," stammered the witness, the old man looking him in the face.

"Answer me, yes or no."

"I think I did."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."



"You know the body was that of Robert Van Dam?"

"Yes."

"You would swear to it?"

"Yes."

"Will you please look at the prisoner's face a moment?"

The prisoner here raised his head, and the witness looked at him.

There was an immediate sensation.

Across the prisoner's face was a vivid, scarlet mark, as if it had been branded with a hot iron.

"Robert Van Dam himself!" broke from every throat.

"You say you are positive the body was that of Robert Van Dam?"

"I thought so."

"You said you knew it was. Who is this man?"

"He looks like Robert."

"Prisoner at the bar, what is your name?" said the judge.

gether, there never was one. My brother and myself never quarrel. I saw that man shoot at my brother and leave him for dead on the ground.

"Horrible beyond measure, I fell in a faint, and was found unconscious in the morning, suffering from a bad bruise on the head."

"Instantly that old villain accused my brother of having murdered me. Howard knew not who his assailant was, but having mercifully escaped death, was arrested."

"I discovered the plot against my brother, and hoodwinked the officer by having the dead body of a tramp found in the woods identified as myself."

"The plan was conceived of each of us looking like the other, and it has succeeded so well that any one here would have sworn I was Howard and he was I."

"I accuse the witnesses for the prosecution, including Duval, of perjury; and I

## ON The Night of the 9th OR, OLD KING BRADY AND THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER SEEN.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE,  
Author of "Brady, Greene and Sleuth,"  
"The Two Stars," "Old King Brady  
and the Ventriloquist Banker," "The  
Great Death Diamond," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.  
(Continued.)  
So shouted Carl Greene, as with his little band he came dashing out of cover.

"James Boys!"

"James Boys!"

"James Boys!"

From Carl Greene's astonished companions the cry went up.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

Three shots flew.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

The outlaws turned and fired.

"Stop 'em! Stop 'em! Shoot 'em down!" yelled Carl.

But there was no stopping the outlaws then.

Shots flew after them.

The forest rang with the old Missouri yell as the outlaws dashed off into its depths and disappeared.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CAPTURE OF THE COAL TRAIN.  
"Escaped, by Godfrey! I didn't believe it could be done."

A mile and more away from the scene of action, Jesse James reined in his smoking steed as he thus exclaimed.

"You ain't Siroc, old fellow, not by a long chalk," he added, "but you've done me good service to-night, and not if I know it will I ever part with you."

"He's a blame good horse if he ain't up to Siroc," said Clell Miller, "and so's mine."

"They're all good," said Frank.

"By gracious, Jess, that was a close shave."

"Close enough, you bet!"

"But we mustn't stay here talking about it."

"No siree!"

"What's the plan?" demanded Dick Little. "I hope to gracious, Jess, you can do something for the boys!"

"Of course."

"After all it was a lucky thing we got that scare," said Frank.

"Scared! Who was scared?" snapped Jesse.

"You, for one."

"No, I wasn't!"

"Oh, you wasn't, hey? Who upset the boat?"

"That was an accident. But say, boys, that was the very old mischief of a face, and you can't deny it."

"I don't like to think about it. It makes me sick," said Clell.

"Who in thunder can he be?" queried Dick Little.

But Jesse did not know, and he had no desire to pursue the subject further.

The horses were put on the run again.

For the forest was very open here, and their way easy.

About an hour later they struck the railroad.

Here they halted again.

"Are we to go on to Ridley?" asked Frank.

"I don't know what to say," replied Jesse. "The boys are all prisoners, and—b'gosh, here comes a train!"

"Shall we tackle it?"

"We might, but—"

"Well?"

"I want to know about the boys first."

"This train is coming from the direction of Ridley."

"It's coal cars, and I'm betting on it," broke in Dick Little.

"We'll stop it for information," said Jesse.

"Mebbe they can tell us some news of the boys."

But how to do it was the question.

Of course Jesse had not his red lantern with him.

Frank, however, had his dark lantern and Clell Miller a red bandana handkerchief.

These, Jesse declared, would answer the purpose well enough.

He wound the red handkerchief around the lantern.

Taking his station between the tracks, he began waving it to and fro.

He only had a moment to wait before the headlight of the locomotive came in sight around a curve.

It was a train of empty coal cars, just as Dick Little had said.

In a moment the engineer caught a glimpse of the red light.

The whistle sounded and the train slowed down.

The boys were ready for them.

Frank, Clell, and Dick, still mounted, dashed out of the thicket and covered the engineer and fireman.

"It's up hands, gentlemen!" cried Jesse, "and no harm to you if you'll answer a question or two."

The engineer and fireman yielded on the instant.

Their hands went up.

Jesse walked up to them.

"What do you want?" growled the en-



HE STRUCK AT THE YOUNG MAN WITH HIS WHIP, AND MADE A LIVID MARK ACROSS HIS FACE. QUICK AS A FLASH HOWARD, ENRAGED AT THE INSULT OFFERED TO HIS BROTHER, BOUNDED FORWARD, THROWING ASIDE MARIAN'S DETAINING HAND, AND DELIVERED A SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOW FULL IN DUVAL'S FACE.

"Howard Van Dam."

"You see, your honor," said the attorney, "the witness cannot tell one from the other."

If the prisoner were Howard, he certainly looked like Robert, for he was clean shaven and the very image of the man said to have been murdered.

"I have one more witness," continued the lawyer. "Show him in."

A door was opened and a man entered and stood in front of the prisoner.

"Howard Van Dam!" muttered every one.

The prisoner was sworn.

"What is your name?"

"Robert Van Dam!"

"Supposed to have been murdered?"

"Yes."

"Explain the mystery of your strange appearance?"

The man suddenly put his hands to his face, removed a pair of false whiskers, passed a handkerchief across his cheeks, and stood revealed—Robert Van Dam!

The scar was seen upon his face, and no one could doubt his identity.

The prisoner at the bar produced a dampened cloth, and erased the scar upon his face, showing at once that some deception had been practiced.

"The charge of murder cannot be sustained, your honor," said the lawyer, "as both brothers are here. You see what metal the witnesses for the prosecution are made of. Robert Van Dam is not and never has been dead."

"And so far from brother attacking me," said Robert, "there is the villain," pointing to old Duval, "who tried to take his life."

The old man turned pale, and Robert continued:

"As to the quarrel he says we had to-

accuse him of attempting my brother's life!"

There was instant hubbub in the courtroom, which the officers tried in vain to quell.

In the midst of it there was heard the report of a pistol, followed by a heavy fall.

Instantly all was silent.

Old Duval, overcome with shame, had taken his own life, and now lay bathed in his own blood, dead.

Poor Marian was at home when his body was brought in, and when she learned of his perfidy—for such things travel fast—she swooned.

Her reason left her, and the brothers witnessed the melancholy spectacle of a shattered mind, and saw her removed to an asylum where she soon after died.

Then it was learned that old Duval had long intended to ruin both brothers, and had paid men to swear falsely.

He had not expected the affair to turn out as it did, and overcome with shame and a guilty conscience, had acted the coward's part by taking his own life.

The brothers left the town never to return, and in a round of business and pleasure tried hard to forget the sad occurrences which had followed so swiftly upon each other.

They journeyed over the world together, but there was always something to remind them of poor Marian, and at last they entered the armies of some foreign power, fought side by side, and in a desperate encounter with the enemy, where both displayed the highest bravery, were slain at the very moment of victory.

They were buried with all honor, and at last the brothers in name, in love, and in fortune, found rest and tranquility.

But his real orders were different from these.

It was the great ambition of the detective to take these men alive, and he accomplished it.

We have no space to describe the short but fierce fight which followed in all its details.

Sufficient to say, the shots of the detectives were directed over the heads of the counterfeiters.

But the shouting and the rattle of the rifles did the work.

Carl conquered.

A few of the gang were wounded, but none were killed.

In the end Carl had made them all prisoners.

To his intense satisfaction, the notorious "queer" maker, Bill Denzer, whom the detective had been hunting for two years, was among the rest.

Of course there were not horses enough to anywhere near go round.

Carl tied his prisoners together and determined to lead them through the woods to the town of Ridley, which was but a short distance away.

In order to accomplish this all hands dismounted.

The horses were left in the shadow at the edge of the woods.

"Now then," whispered Jesse in Frank's ear as this stage of the game was reached.

"Now is our time!"

Frank passed the word to Clell.

Clell whispered it to Dick Little.

All had been prepared by Jesse and knew just what his plan was.

Carl was tightening up the cords when suddenly there was a rush and four men sprang out of the thicket.

Like lightning they flung themselves each upon a horse.



gineer. "I reckon you are Jesse James, but you won't get nothing out of this yere train. I'll tell you that much right now." "I'll get what I want, I reckon," chuckled Jesse. "Did you stop at Ridley, boss?"

"Yes."  
"See anything of my men?"  
"Yes."  
"Prisoners?"  
"You bet!"  
"Where did you see 'em?"  
"At the station."  
"Guarded?"  
"You bet they are, and all tied up, too."  
"What's to be done with 'em? Did you hear?"

"I heard say they were going to run them down to Independence in the express."  
"Good! That's the talk. That's what I want to know."

"Well, I've told you; I s'pose we can pull out now?"

"You can pull out when I get ready to let you, and not a bit before."

"What else do you want to know?"

"When does the express stop at Ridley?"

"In an hour from now."

"Just an hour?"

"May I look at my watch?"

"Yes."

The engineer consulted his timepiece. "The express will be at Ridley in just fifty minutes," he answered.

"Good!" cried Jesse. "You can pull out now, but remember this, if you try to telegraph back, I'll lay for you and have your heart if it takes a year."

The engineer made no reply.

Pulling the lever he started the train.

The outlaws retreated into the forest lest they should get a flying shot from the caboose.

"Now, then," announced Jesse, as the caboose disappeared, "there remains but one thing for us to do, boys; hit or miss, we must tackle that train!"

## CHAPTER XL

OLD KING BRADY BALKS JESSE'S GAME.

"HALF an hour! Come, now, if we've got to wait half an hour I'm going to have a smoke!"

It was Mr. Clell Miller who made the remark.

Now Clell Miller was a man who usually carried out whatever he undertook to do, in small matters as well as great.

He accordingly took out his tobacco pouch and proceeded to fill his pipe.

But when he tried to light it there was too much wind for the match.

Again and again he attempted it.

Each attempt was a failure like the first.

Clell walked along up the track.

He had caught sight of a small building—a mere shanty—at a short distance ahead.

Clell Miller went to the shanty.

The place was perfectly dark when he entered it.

But Clell was not afraid of the dark.

He just stepped in, struck his match, touched it to his pipe and was puffing away, when suddenly something rose at his feet from the floor.

It was something hideous—something soul terrifying—something—

But never mind just what it was for the moment.

Let us return to Jesse and Frank, who were earnestly discussing the situation beneath a big tree.

"We want to light out of this part of the country just as soon as this job is done," said Jesse.

"I'm with you," answered Frank.

"We've got a big haul and we want to save it. Above all, we don't want to be mixed up in this business of the counterfeits."

"Right you are."

"It's a good time for the gang to scatter and lay low for a while."

Thus they talked for some fifteen minutes.

Dick Little, meanwhile, had flung himself down under a tree.

This was Dick's usual way.

Fifty minutes was fifty minutes with Dick.

He proposed to spend forty-five of it in slumber if he knew himself and Jesse would let him alone.

In fact, Dick was sound asleep already.

Still, Jesse and Frank kept on quietly discussing their private affairs.

But Clell Miller did not return.

"Where in thunder is Clell?" exclaimed Jesse at last.

"I see him go over to that tool house or whatever it is," replied Frank, pointing toward the shanty.

"You did, eh?"

"Yes."

"Wonder if he can have gone to sleep in there? Dick's asleep now, b'gosh!"

"Dick's always asleep when he gets the chance. I'll bet a sixpence he was asleep when Brady captured you."

"Why, of course he was. Didn't I tell you?"

"You haven't told me anything about it, Jess."

Then they talked a few minutes more, Jesse detailing his adventure with the detective.

Still Clell Miller did not appear.

"I'll go and see what's become of him," said Frank. "Come on, Jesse."

"Go yourself. I want to look these horses over a bit so's to have them ready for their long run."

Frank walked off and Jesse went over to where the horses were tethered.

The woods were now as silent as the grave.

In fact the only sound audible was Dick Little's snoring.

Jesse spent some ten minutes working over the horses.

Suddenly it dawned upon him that the moments were slipping away and that Frank like Clell Miller had gone into the shanty but had not returned.

"What in thunder can be the matter with those fellows?" he muttered. "I must go and see."

How quiet, how peaceful everything seemed, as the bandit king walked over toward the hut.

But, of course, Jesse James was not the man to leave things long in peace.

"Hey, Frank! Where are you, Frank?" he shouted.

There was no answer.

The door of the hut stood open.

Within all was dark and as silent as without.

Jesse put his head in through the door.

"What in thunder are you fellows about in there?" he shouted.

There was a slight movement, a rustle, and suddenly a light flashed, and the "something" which had so terrified Clell Miller stood before the bandit king.

Jesse gave a gasping cry.

He put up his hands as though to ward off the sight.

For there before him, with the glare of a dark lantern thrown full upon it, was that same hideous visage again.

It was the face of the unknown—"the man who was never seen!"

"Surrender, Jesse James! Move so much as an eyelash, and you're a dead man!"

It was the unknown who sternly spoke.

He thrust a cocked revolver full into the face of the bandit king.

"Surrender, Jesse James! Move so much as an eyelash, and you're a dead man!"

This time it was Old King Brady's voice.

It came from behind.

The cold muzzle of a revolver was pressed against the back of Jesse's neck.

Of course there was no moving then!

"Blast you, Brady! You've got me! Do your worst!" hissed Jesse.

Then he added, sadly:

"I ain't moving now."

"Hold him covered, Nat! Shoot him if he raises his little finger!" the detective's voice was heard to say.

Then Jesse's hands were seized and tied behind him.

"Go to Dick Little, Nat! Hold him covered, but don't wake him," ordered Old King Brady.

He pushed Jesse forward and the door of the hut swung to.

It was a terrible disappointment for Jesse James.

But he was wise enough to make no move.

The Unknown had covered his face now and was flashing his light around.

Jesse ground his teeth in rage as he looked around the hut.

There was Frank a prisoner, bound and gagged in one corner.

There lay Clell Miller in precisely the same predicament in another.

Rapidly and in silence Old King Brady was searching the person of the bandit king.

Gold—greenbacks—more gold!

Jesse seemed literally loaded down with money.

"Hold the bag," said Old King Brady.

Then Camille glided into view.

By the help of the "unknown," she held open a large mason's tool bag.

It was already well filled with twenty dollar gold pieces.

Frank and Clell had been reached of course.

And now it was Jesse.

More gold—more greenbacks dropped into the bag.

"At last!" cried Old King Brady, as he closed the bag with a snap.

"At last, friends, the game is ours! The tables have been completely turned!"

## CHAPTER XLII

THE TABLES TURNED AGAIN.

"A most fortunate move!"

"It was, indeed!"

"I never saw anything so completely successful."

"Nor I; but you are not safe yet. Neither this money nor the safety of that young lady can be assured until you are in Independence."

"But you?"

"I shall not go!"

"But, my friend, let me urge you—"

"Say no more. It is useless. I think after what I have done you will not force me. My only desire now is to leave Missouri forever and to try in some wild spot far from the haunts of men to atone for the wickedness of my past life."

It was Mr. Multon's brother, the mysterious unknown, who spoke these words.

He and Old King Brady stood together outside the hut.

Nat and Camille at a little distance from them, were conversing in low tones.

Once more all was as quiet and peaceful in this lonely spot as though no such persons as the James Boys ever had an existence.

And yet on the other side of that frail door, lay the dreaded bandits, Clell and Dick with them.

But they were quite powerless for harm now?

The sudden appearance of Old King Brady's party on the scene was due to no accident.

The windings of the creek had brought them near to the hut.

They landed at a point which the unknown declared to be within a short walk of the town of Ridley.

But for once this strange being was mistaken.

When they struck the railroad there was no sign of the town.

They walked up to the hut and were discussing the situation when suddenly the James Boys, Clell and Dick rode out of the forest.

It was Old King Brady's proposition that they should retreat to the hut and watch for their chances to recover the stolen money.

Thus they had been unseen witnesses to the hold-up of the coal train.

How well Old King Brady's plan had succeeded has already been shown.

"And your plan is to stop the express and carry these fellows to Independence?" said Mr. Multon's brother, as the conversation proceeded.

"It is. I can think of no better way," replied the detective.

"What is the time?"

"It lacks but a few minutes."

"Then we had better act on your plan."

"Yes."

"I am ready."

Old King Brady opened the door and looked into the hut.

"Come, Jesse! Come, Frank!" he cried.

"Time's up! Come! You shall show me how to hold up a train!"

At the same instant a sharp whistle sounded.

Old King Brady looked down the track.

The headlight of the approaching train was already in sight.

This much the detective saw plainly enough.

But if he could have seen further—if he could have looked into the passenger cars of the approaching express, he might have thought twice before hurrying the James Boys out of the hut.

Could he have looked into the cab, for instance, he would have seen that the engineer and fireman were guarded by Messrs. Wood Hite and Hobbs Kerry, each of whom held a cocked revolver ready for business.

Could he have gone back into the baggage car he would have discovered baggage master and conductor helpless prisoners.

Had he gone back further still into the passenger cars—there were only two—he would have discovered the gang at their old tricks.

Still further he would have found the horses in a freight car.

And to continue the supposition, could Old King Brady have gone still further back along the track—back half way to Ridley—he would have found another freight car, which had been uncoupled from the train, in which were packed Carl Greene's men, sent on with their prisoners.

It was another case of tables turned.

For every man was securely bound, helpless to save themselves in case some unexpected train came crashing down upon the abandoned car.

On dashed the express toward the spot where Old King Brady and his companion lay in wait.

Just before it rounded the curve which sent the headlight in sight of the detective, Cole Younger left the baggage car and climbing over the tender dropped into the cab.

"All right here, boys?" he asked, assuming Jesse's air of command.

"All O. K.," replied Hobbs Kerry.

"How is it back there?" demanded Wood Hite.

"Bang up!" replied Cole.

"Ha, ha! I s'pose there's no one to kick?" allowed Hobbs.

"No one but the passengers, and they don't dare."

"May I be allowed to ask what you fellows propose to do?" asked the engineer.

"Well, you can ask what you blame please," said Cole. "I don't know whether I'll answer or not, but I'll say in answer to this question that I propose to leave this yere train before many minutes, boss."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes."

"With your gang?"

"Yes."

"Good! And then?"

"Then for you or then for us?"

"I speak for myself."

"Well, b'gosh, after we get the horses out of the freight car you can take your old train to Ballyhoo for all I care!"

It was at this very moment that the train went around the curve.

"A light!" cried Hobbs.

"A red light, b'gosh!" echoed Wood.

"A hold-up!" gasped the engineer.

"Great guns, it's Jess!" cried Cole, looking out.

"No, it ain't Jess; it's Dick Little!" said Hobbs Kerry, whose sight was keener than Cole's.

"Shall I slow down?" asked the engineer. "If them's your friends you may as well leave the train now."

"Right you are," answered Cole. "Yes; you may slow down."

The engineer pushed the lever, and the speed of the train was slackened.

"Down! Down!" cried Cole, suddenly.

"It's a trick! I see Old King Brady!"

Every man dropped out of sight but the engineer and fireman.

"Shall I stop or go on?" asked the engineer, who was afraid of his life should he make a mistake.

"Stop!" ordered Cole. "I'm good for them every time."

He climbed upon the tender, and went wriggling back over the coal like a snake.

Slower and slower the train moved on.

"Stop!" cried a man, suddenly stepping out of the woods.

It was Old King Brady.

"Friend, I am a detective! I have some important prisoners here. I want you to take us on to Independence!" he cried.

The engineer made no answer.

Dick Little stood motionless.

He knew that he was covered by Nat Peters' revolver.

Like Old King Brady he was utterly ignorant of the true state of affairs.

Then all in an instant the tables turned again.

A wild yell rang out from the train.

Every door flew open.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

"Surrender, old man! Surrender, or you're a goner!" shouted Cole Younger.

And the gang rushed from the cars, firing as they came.

## CHAPTER XLIII

CONCLUSION.

"Hooray!"

"Hooray!"

"Hooray!"

The forest rang with wild cheers.

It was all over now.

Once more victory had perched upon the banners of the James Boys.

The occasion of the cheering was when Jesse sprang upon Siroc's back and Frank vaulted to the saddle on Jim Malone.

The train was gone.

The fight had been short, sharp and decisive.

Old King Brady, slightly wounded, was now a prisoner, tied to a tree.

Nat and Camille were in a similar predicament.

But the condition of Mr. Multon's wretched brother was worse than all.

The unfortunate man lay upon the ground with his black cloak thrown over him.

Was he dead?

Old King Brady could not have answered the question.

He only knew that at the first fire he saw him fall.

The first act of the victorious outlaws had been to free Jesse, Frank and Clell and to secure their prisoners.

Then the horses were run out of the freight car.

Such was the noise and clatter, that Old King Brady could scarcely understand how it all came about.

But he heard enough to learn that owing to the carelessness of the man Carl Greene had put in charge of the prisoners, Cole Younger and Jim Cummins had managed to work themselves free soon after the train left Ridley.

It appeared that by a sudden and bold attack, they had overcome their guards and freed the other prisoners later, on capturing the train.

"Brady, Brady! Bring him here!" cried Jesse, as soon as the cheering ceased.

Dick Little and Jim Cummins were in charge of the detective.

They untied him and hustled him along to the chief.

"Now, then, old man, I want that bag



you put the money into!" hissed Jesse. "Where is it? Speak!"

For this was the only thing lacking to make Jesse's great victory complete.

What Old King Brady had done with the mason's bag he did not know.

"You ask me something that I will never tell you, Jesse James!" replied the old detective, in a steady voice.

"What! What!"

"I have said it!"

"You'll tell, or you die!"

"Nol Never!"

"Then say your prayers, old man!" cried Jesse, leveling his revolver.

"One!"

"Two!"

Twice he shouted.

But three never came.

Suddenly there was a rush from the forest.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

A volley of bullets were showered upon the outlaws.

"It's Carl Greene, and a big force!" yelled Cole Younger.

And the words seemed to strike panic to the hearts of the gang.

Away they flew.

Across the track—into the forest.

In vain Jesse tried to rally them.

He and Frank were swept along with the rest.

"After them, boys! Don't let them escape with their plunder!" shouted Carl.

But Old King Brady raised his hand.

"No; enough! Let them go!" he cried.

"I have their stealings to the last dollar! We have won!"

"Is it all here?"

"Every cent in this bag!"

"The money stolen from the Littleford bank by John Barnacle!"

"Yes."

"The \$50,000 belonging to Mr. Multon, stolen by Bat Barnacle?"

"Is here too."

"And our young friends, Nat Peters and Camille Winters—"

"Are alive and well, thanks to Old King Brady," said Nat, coming toward them with Camille.

"It was Old King Brady and Carl Greene who were talking."

Carl with his little force had turned the tide.

Behind them in the woods, tied to their horses, were the counterfeiters, closely guarded.

But a few moments had elapsed since the James Boys vanished.

And in that brief space Old King Brady had hurried over behind the hut and returned with the mason's bag.

"It's a lucky thing you turned up as you did, Greene," he said. "You have not only saved this money, but you have enabled me to vindicate the honor of young Jack Skillman, to secure this young lady's future happiness, to—"

"And to save your life, Mr. Brady; don't forget that!" interrupted Camille.

"Don't talk of saving my life when the life of one to whom we all owe so much has been sacrificed," said the detective, solemnly.

He bowed his head and waved his hand toward the black cloak which lay near them upon the ground.

And a hush came upon them.

For they had looked under that cloak and knew the worst.

It covered the form of the man who was never seen.

Dead!

It began in mystery.

It ended in a wedding.

We refer, of course, to Old King Brady's peculiar case.

Three months later Jack Skillman and Camille Winters were married in the Methodist church at Independence.

Nat Peters was best man and Mr. Mathew Multon gave away the bride, for in the interim Camille's father had passed away.

All is well that ends well.

So Jack Skillman thought, for his good name was cleared, and he had married the girl he loved.

So the Littleford people thought, who received back the last dollar of the money stolen from their bank.

So Mr. Multon thought, who got back his \$50,000.

So Old King Brady thought, who was well rewarded by the bank and the manufacturer.

So Carl Greene thought, who received a big reward from the Government of the United States for capturing the notorious Denzer gang of counterfeiters.

Carl ran his captives safely to the Independence jail, from whence they finally went to the penitentiary.

The Barnacle brothers went with the rest.

None of the gang but the blind man and Mr. Multon's wretched brother escaped.

Of course Carl kept his promise with the farmer and set him free.

Concerning the latter little was ever known.

Mr. Mathew Multon upon being informed of the matter was greatly affected, as well as surprised.

He acknowledged that his brother was a criminal.

But what his original crime was he refused to state.

He told the detective that he had believed him dead for years.

He could give no information, however, as to how that face came to be so hideously scarred.

They buried him where he fell by the James Boys' bullets, and the body was never disturbed.

They buried him in his black cloak and his face was not exposed.

Thus to the last he remained the man who was never seen.

The James Boys' gang scattered after this affair.

It was some time before they went on the warpath again.

The Orrington Mills were soon rebuilt.

Jack Skillman was taken into partnership by Mr. Multon, and Nat Peters was rewarded for his faithful conduct by being made cashier in Jack's place.

Thus we repeat, all is well that ends well.

And this is the last we have to say in the story of what happened ON THE NIGHT OF THE 9TH.

[THE END.]

OF COURSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOUR PICTURE IN SUCH A BRIGHT PAPER AS HAPPY DAYS. THEN TELL US OF SOMETHING YOU HAVE DONE THAT YOU FEEL PROUD OF, AND SEND ON YOUR PHOTOGRAPH AND WE WILL GLADLY PRINT THEM BOTH.

## HANDSOME HARRY

— OF THE —

### FIGHTING BELVEDERE.

By GASTON CARNE.

Author of "Around the World on a Safety," "Across the Continent on a Safety," "We Three; or, The White Boy Slaves of the Soudan," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER LVII.

(Continued.)

SOME of the rigging was cut away, and five men fell—three in death, and two with gaping wounds.

With such a stern expression as never had been seen on Harry's face before, he rose to his feet.

Indignation gave him strength and voice, and he thundered out:

"Death to the treacherous hounds!"

The Belvedere answered with a well-directed broadside, and a volley of execrations fouled the air.

More shot came back—wild again in aim—and then the vessels crashed together.

"Death to the treacherous hounds!" again cried Harry.

For the time his old strength and fire seemed to be given him.

His face flushed, his eyes blazed, and his cutlass flashed. With a bound he sprang upon the Spaniard's deck.

He was followed by Samson, Ching-Ching, Ira, Tom, and others, among whom, to the surprise of everybody, was Witta, the wise man, carrying a huge club, and bearing his Bettie tucked under his left arm.

"Wuroo—wuroo!" he cried, and what he lacked in science he made up in fury. He dealt tremendous blows with his club on every side.

The Spaniards made some show of fighting, for they were like rats penned into a corner, but the only real exhibition of pluck was made by the officers, about a dozen in number.

They had some of the fire of that nation which was once the most potent in the world, and now is one of the least powerful. Spanish swords are like Spanish bonds—worthless.

They cut a gay figure, those Spanish officers, in their velvet jackets, turbans, and gaudy sashes; with their black eyes flashing with fury, and their swords glittering as they cut right and left, and yet into their midst dashed one sick man, who scattered them like chaff.

It was Handsome Harry, burning with indignation at the treachery with which he had been assailed. He forgot all his weakness, all that he had suffered—everything

except that he had a dastard foe to deal with, and the cutlass which had cut short so many lives dealt death to the Spaniards.

"His right hand has not lost its cunning," muttered Tom, glancing at him for a moment. There were others hovering around over him, but he had need of help from none, the only aid required was for those he fell upon.

Of Ching-Ching and Samson much need not be said, except that they did their duty pleasantly, as usual giving the most terrible cuts and thrusts, accompanied with a joke as a sort of a salve to the wound, but whether their quips and cranks had this effect we are unable to say.

Witta also distinguished himself, especially after he lost his club and used Bettie as a weapon. The very hideousness of that sweet image half terrified the Spaniards, but when they felt its weight they bowed before it.

At last he got into queer street by falling over a prostrate foe. A Spanish officer, who had watched his career, and thirsted to have an interview with him, rushed forward with a yell. The next moment would have been Witta's last but for Ching-Ching, who cropped up from somewhere, apparently out of the deck, and thrusting his head into the pit of the officer's stomach, tossed him into the air.

He turned a fair somersault and came down heavily upon the boards, where he lay engaged in a very confused mental arithmetic as to how many men were before and behind him and waltzing about the air.

Victory was with the Belvederes, and the Spaniards, such as were living, turned tail, plunging overboard and making for the shore. In two minutes more the fight was over, and then reaction fell upon Handsome Harry.

He fell upon the deck, pale and almost lifeless, and Tom and Ira rushed to his aid.

"It is nothing," he gasped; "I am a little faint only; give me some water."

"Have a little of this," said Ira, producing a flask.

Harry took a few drops, and then sat up with a smile upon his pale, handsome face.

"I had no idea," he said, "that I was so weak."

"You are not fit for this work yet," returned Tom.

"And yet the work is done," said Harry, looking about him, "and well done—the treacherous dogs are defeated. My men fought well, as they always do. Belvederes, I thank you."

These words were sweet to the ears of the few men, blood-stained, hot and tired, who were standing by, and all saluted in acknowledgment of the praise.

"Where is Samson?" asked Harry.

"Has aught happened to him?"

"He's there with the Chinese chap," said Bill Grunt, pointing to the lower deck, "and I think that Ching-Ching has done for himself now."

"What's the matter?" asked Harry, with more interest than Bill Grunt expected to see.

"Why, he butted a officer, and he's broken his neck."

"See to him, Tom," said Harry; "I'm all right now."

Tom hurried over to the little group of which Samson and Ching-Ching were the center. The unfortunate Ching-Ching was lying at full length, with his head and neck in such a position as left no doubt about the injury he had received.

A sailor was hanging on to each foot, and Samson was tugging away with all his might, Ching-Ching superintending the operations vocally.

"Dat right, Sammy," he said, "get good grip an' pull away. I feel de bones comin' out—you fellers stick to my feet—what de good ob you. Another lilly pull and gib him a wriggle a bit. Dat de trick."

And with a noise similar to that made by a bottle-jack, when it gets to the length of its tether, Ching-Ching's head shot up about two inches, and he was restored.

"Wall! I never seed anything like that," exclaimed one of the seamen.

"Nor did I," said Tom to himself, and, pushing forward, he took a long, steady look at our eccentric friend.

"What are you made of?" he said, at last.

"Bout de same sort ob stuff as most men," replied Ching-Ching, complacently.

"But your neck isn't."

"What de marrer wif it, Missa Tom?"

"Why, any other neck would have been broken."

"Dis neck ob mine am noting to one I know ob," said Ching-Ching; "it not belong to any relation ob mine, so you needn't look at me in that specteous manner, Missa Tom—dat neck de property ob my farder's—"

"Brother, in course," put in Bill Grunt.

"No, it wasn't."

"Then it was his uncle."

"Wrong again, Missa Grunt."

"Then it was his father, mother, sister, brother, uncle, aunt, fust, second or third

cousin," insisted Bill Grunt, running off a volley of relationships.

"All wrong, sar," said Ching-Ching, cheerfully. "Dat neck am de property ob my farder's nex-door neighbor, a genly-man ob high standing, whose farder was hung for kicking a mandarin right trough a shop window when him looking in. De neck ob dis man was so strong dat he allus butt everybody, and he used to go out ebbery morning and knock de people 'bout like skittles. Dere was neber less dan eleven people ob all sorts and sizes lyin' about de street at one time."

"There is allus one lyin' here," muttered Bill.

Ching-Ching scorned to notice the interruption, and went on:

"Dere wasn't one man in our street as hadn't been knocked down once, and some twice, some three times, and one feeble ole man, who took de air for him health, spent most ob him time on him back, for dis nex-door neighbor used to wait on him heavy."

"I wonder you can stay here and listen to them lies," said Bill Grunt, generally; but they all stayed on, nevertheless, and Bill stayed too.

"Dis was de state ob tings," continued Ching-Ching, "when my fader come to lib dere, and de bery fust night, when him was movin' de furniture in, and was staggerin' into de house wif a basket load ob clothing, dis nex-door neighbor come up behind 'and butt him at one blow right trough de house, out ob de back door, into a barge going down de canal behind. De boatman not see any 'farder come, and go on. My farder lie insensible, and not wake up until he were twenty mile away."

"Oh, come!" said Bill Grunt, "he must have heerd—"

"Order there," interposed Tom; "hear the story first, and make your comments afterwards."

"Hear—hear!" cried the listeners, and Bill Grunt collapsed.

"My farder," pursued Ching-Ching, "walk back, and when he come to de house he find dat de nex-door neighbor had been butting eber since; all de furniture was scatter 'bout, my moder was in de coal cellar, I was swimming 'bout in de water-butt, and de two men who brought de furniture were lying doubled up on de opposite side ob de road, and de nex-door neighbor was takin' de wind out ob de horses fast."

"Dis won't do, my farders ses, and up agin a post he goes. 'Hallo dere, you butter,' my farder says. 'De nex-door neighbor turn on him libely. 'You back!' he says, and den he rush at my farder, who pop out ob de way and gib him de post."

"Dat post," said Ching-Ching, looking round solemnly, "was too much for him. It send him head and neck bang into him body, so dat only de top ob him head was eber seen afterwards."

"Oh, but it killed him," said Bill Grunt, led involuntarily into controversy again.

"Oh, no," said Ching-Ching, softly; "he libe for years. I lef him alive."

Defeated and disgraced, the boatswain retired, and the triumphant Ching-Ching, with his neck restored, helped with the wounded. Then friends and foes were, as usual, moved to the Belvedere. After this was done the muster roll was called.

Five dead and seven wounded of the Belvedere.

Not much when the numerical power of the foe was considered, but more than Harry cared to lose, especially when treachery was the power which laid them low.

One man was missing, and that was the pirate, Captain Brocken, whom the men called the "Black Doctor."

Several bore witness to having seen him swim towards the shore with the Spaniards who had escaped, and one had seen him land, and alone make for the forest.

"Well, since he mistrusts us," said Harry, "let him go. Grunt, muster the men."

All save the disabled, were mustered, and Harry addressed them as follows:

"My gallant men you have fought well, but that is nothing new. Pluck and good cutlasses have carried us to another victory; but now I am about to grant you a liberty which is something new. Hitherto you have never been allowed to plunder, but I withdraw the restriction with regard to that vessel. In two hours I intend to blow her up; until that time she is yours."

This address was delivered on board the Belvedere, and it was responded to with a joyful shout. "Lower the boats!" was the cry, and the men slung them over the side; but there were two who did not wait to be conveyed by this medium, as the vessels were not twenty yards apart.

"Come on, Sammy," cried Ching-Ching.

"All right, Chingy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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consisting of Mr. SAM SMILEY and Mr. TOM TEASER, our comic authors, and Mr. THOS. WORTH, our comic artist, will make a careful examination of every face sent in, and without showing the least favoritism, select those faces containing the most merit and drawn according to directions.

Therefore, we say again, don't be disappointed, but if you don't succeed at first try again.

As this competition will continue for some time, we would suggest to readers that instead of sending one coupon every week, to wait until they have accumulated several faces and then send them in all together, thereby saving postage.

We shall give advance notice of close of competition thereby enabling readers to get their faces in on time.

Readers who have their funny faces printed in HAPPY DAYS must not conclude that they have drawn a prize, as we have hundreds of faces from other readers that are just as funny, but which we cannot publish for lack of space. No decision will be made until competition closes.

## Be Sure and Follow Directions as Printed Below.

You will find on page 2 of this paper a blank circle.

See if you can make a funny face from it with only four strokes of a pen.

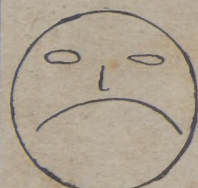
We will give the following prizes to our readers who send us the funniest faces:

\$50.00 for the Funniest Face. \$25.00 for the 2nd Funniest.  
\$15.00 for the 3rd Funniest. \$10.00 for the 4th  
Funniest. \$5.00 for the 5th Funniest.

The faces must be drawn with a pen in black ink. Those drawn with pencil will not be accepted.

In drawing the faces you must not use more than four distinct pen movements in circles, curves, or whatever you may choose.

## A FEW MORE OF THE FUNNIEST.



Drawn by

J. H. SHAY,

60 Orange St.,

Manchester N. H.



Drawn by

GEORGE F. MAHER,

112 Everett St.,

Springfield, Mass.



Drawn by

WILL SIMMONS,

Birmingham,

Ala.



Drawn by

J. E. WOODRUFF,

Brandon,

Vermont.



Drawn by

P. H. CLARKE,

337 Sixth Ave.,

Beaver Falls, Pa.



Drawn by

PERCY E. GWYNNE,

3834 Franklin St.,

Omaha, Neb.

A few of the funniest faces sent in by readers will be published in HAPPY DAYS from week to week with the names and addresses of the senders.

You can send as many faces as you like, but they must all be made in the circles printed in HAPPY DAYS.

A blank circle will appear in HAPPY DAYS each week until competition closes. Cut out the coupon on 2nd page containing circle, write your name and address on lines attached, and send to

## ART EDITOR "HAPPY DAYS,"

P. O. Box 2730.

34 & 36 North Moore Street, N. Y.